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BRITANNIA and Eve

JANUARY 1956

VOL. 52 NO. 1

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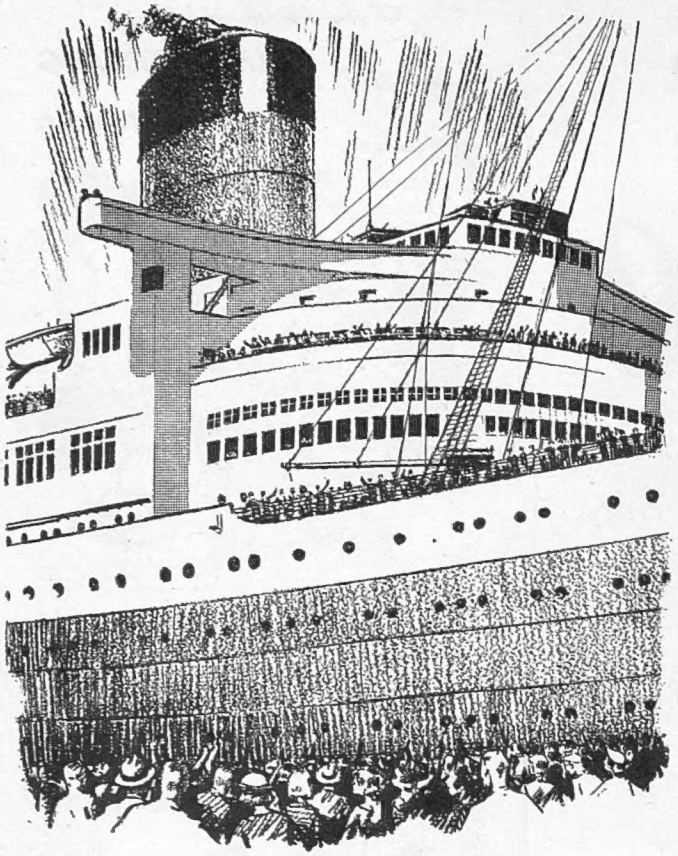

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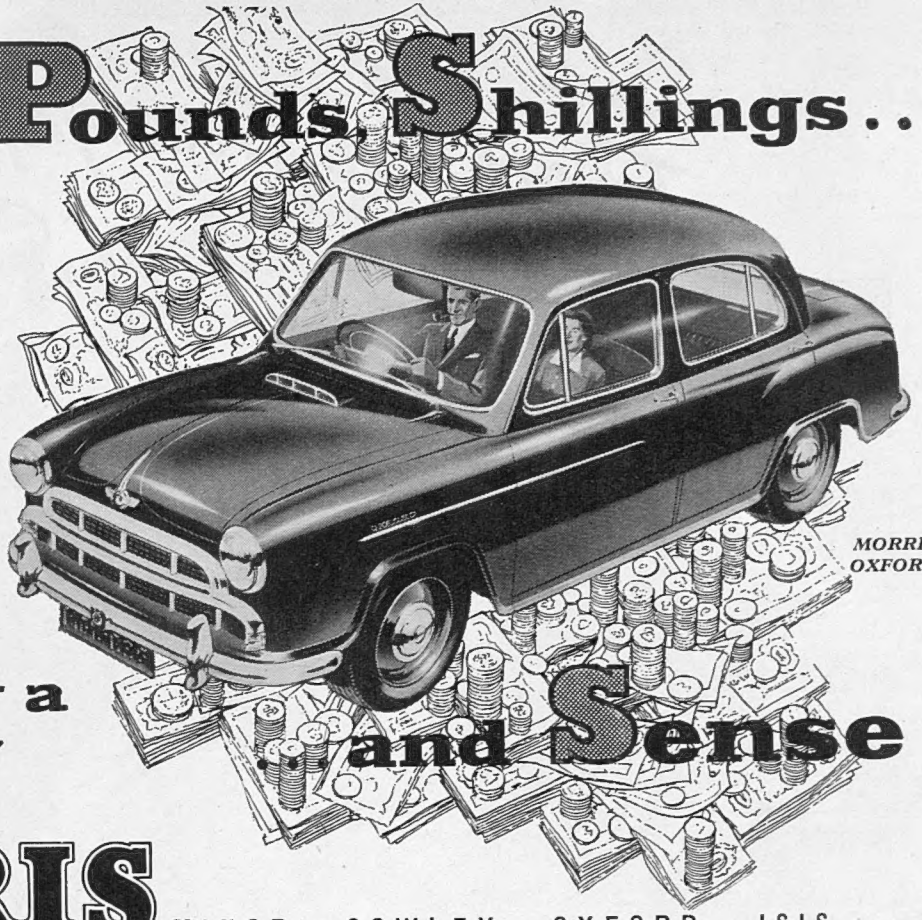

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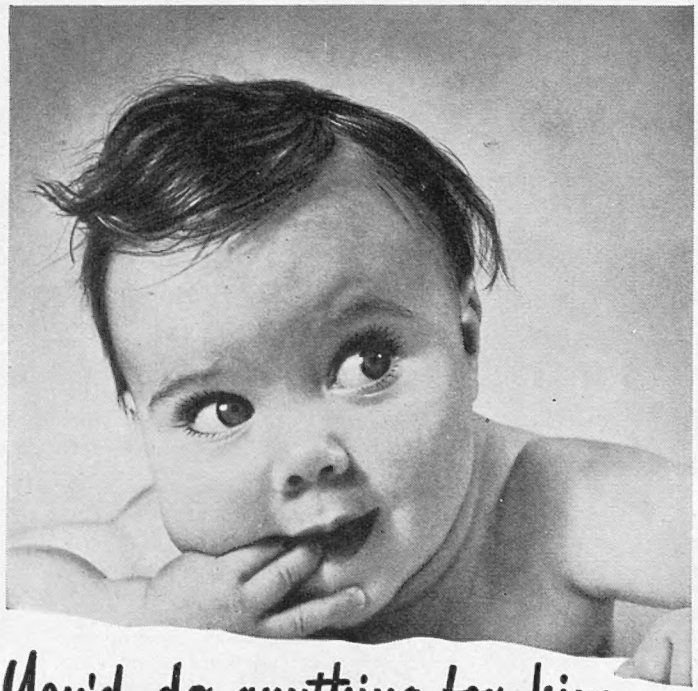

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The HIDDEN *face of* SUCCESS

. . . . . by

E. M. ALMEDINGEN

A VERY learned gentleman from Cambridge, who had taught philosophy all his life, went on his retirement into the country, and he and his wife made a most neglected patch of ground into a corner of paradise. Once, staying with them, I heard him make a rather curious statement :

" If I were to start teaching again, I 'd make a course in horticulture compulsory for every student."

Now, philosophy is primarily a science of thought. In larger terms, it is also a science of life. All of us are unconscious philosophers all our lives long. But at the time, myself more or less ignorant of gardening, I could not see the connection. I did not ask him to explain. Later I was glad to stumble, as it were, on the answer through my own experience as an amateur gardener.

A little while ago we had a garden which was rather famous for its lilies of the valley. We found them growing here and there, in rather untidy, whimsical clumps, and we added to their number by transplanting some of the roots and by improving the little stream we had at the bottom of the garden. It happened one autumn when a girl came to stay from London. She knew nothing whatever about gardening and was keen to learn as much as she could squeeze into a week. It rained hard one day, and I asked her to help me clear a shed out. I had to leave her for a few moments, and came back to see her with a wooden seed box in her hands and a puzzled expression on her face.

" I 've found it on a shelf," she said. " Didn't you say you wanted all the rubbish thrown on the bonfire ? I suppose that 's rubbish ? "

I came nearer. I looked. I did not laugh.

" These," I told her, " are very precious roots. They are lilies of the valley. They 're going in next week."

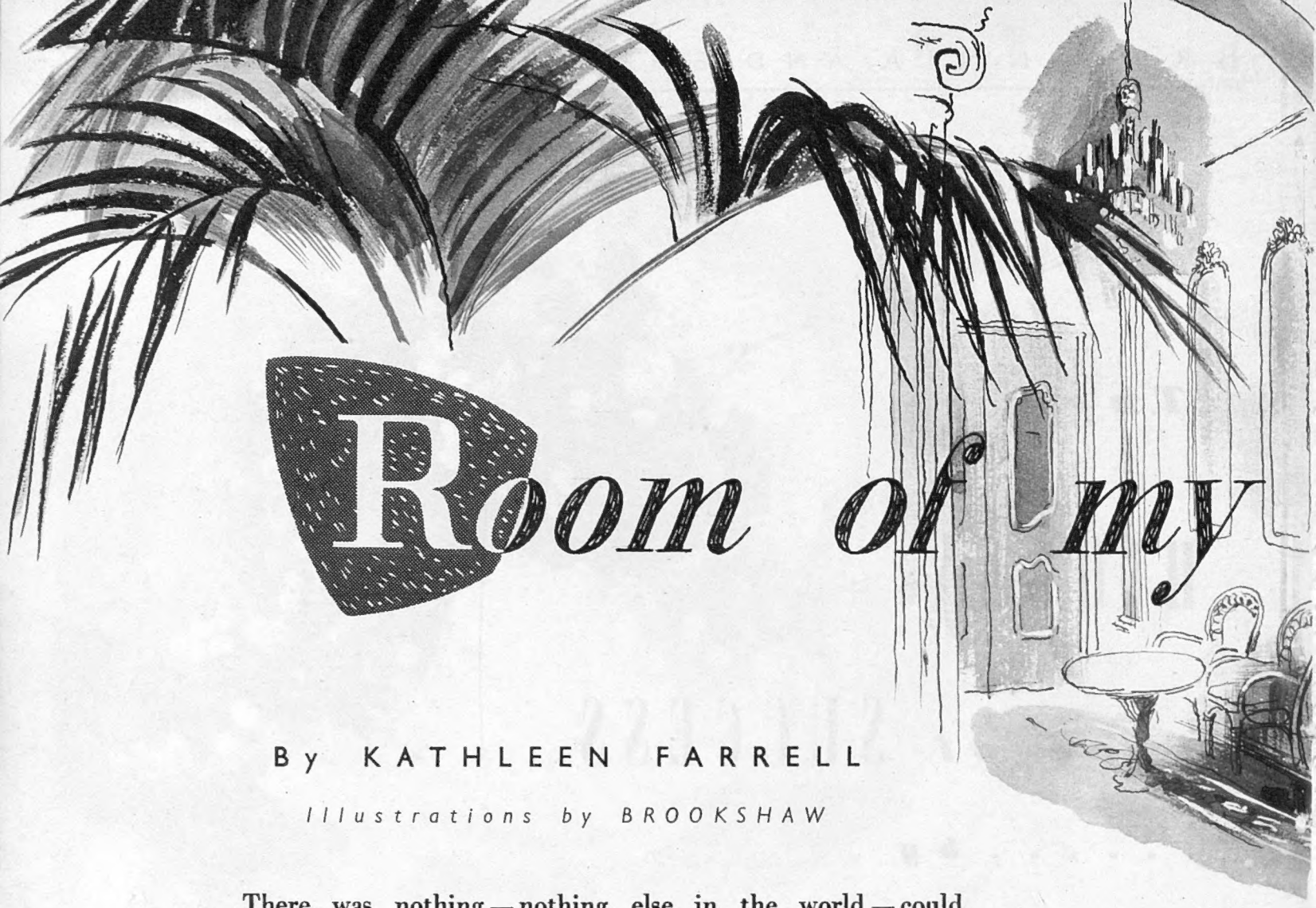
She looked at me with that air people have when they try hard to believe what you tell them and don't quite succeed. She managed to utter an awkward " Oh, I see," but I could see that she did not see at all, and I could not blame her.

A tulip bulb has a pleasant glossy shape ; a gladiolus corm has a lovely satiny sheen. A crocus bulb makes you wish to cover it with kisses. But a lily of the valley root looks precisely like a worm which should go in for a longish spell of slimming, a shapeless, wriggly thing with not a hint of promise about it. My friend thought of the bonfire. And most people might have reflected that a dustbin should be their ultimate destination. And from such a beginning comes what ?—one of the loveliest, most fragrant and delicate flowers in the whole of God's creation. I have always found it good merely to look at them. Their snowy purity has no repellent iciness about it, the generous spread of their leaves is an architectural marvel, and the design of each tiny petal is a miracle—all that out of a shapeless, dark wriggly thing.

Gives you something to think about, doesn't it ? That terribly learned gentleman from Cambridge was not so far out, after all is said and done. Gardening does develop a philosopher out of all of us.

But philosophy is not a dead system, something you learn by rote out of some musty old book. It is a living thing. All it offers is applicable to you and to me also. Let us see, then, what is there about (*Continued on page* 52)

Our beginnings are not always marked with promise any more than the root of the lily hints at the glory of its future blossoming



Room of my

By KATHLEEN FARRELL

Illustrations by BROOKSHAW

There was nothing — nothing else in the world — could have sounded so sweetly to my ears as those magical words

A LARGE bustling hotel in London was the background of my first love-affair. And whenever I pass, I look and I think *so it was there*. Yes, it still exists, that dreaming room with the drab carpet ; it is only I who have changed. I wonder, too, whether I have left any of my young and breathless intensity behind me, and I hope I have.

A pity for such concentrated essence of joy to be poured upon one hour, no more, and then to be lost for ever. Perhaps some scent still hovers about the air in that enchanted room, bringing with it my remembrance—and my blessing.

I was sixteen then and most ardently prepared to be faithful to eternity. Although no one seemed to care. Faithfulness had gone out of fashion. Besides I had to find someone to be faithful *to* : that was the first (and most difficult) move.

To begin with, I never met anybody. Even if I had, a solemn-faced young woman with questioning eyes and a leaning towards ponderous arguments and heavily-worded theories has little appeal.

So there wasn't even a chance of being unfaithful : it was awful. At least it was awful until I met Edvard.

Edvard was Danish (or Norwegian, I don't think I was ever clear which) and his real name wasn't Edvard either. It was something unpronounceable and when I tried to say it he looked cross and said I had better call him Edvard, and from that moment Edvard joined Charlemagne and Roland, Byron and the Prince of Wales : Edvard became immortal. Only immortal to me, of course, but what more could he ask for ?

Edvard's chocolate-brown eyes had a look of mild enquiry. Edvard wanted to know how the world wagged as urgently as I did.

Twice we saw each other, Edvard and I, before we spoke. We stared at each other long and curiously, but without a word. Then at our third encounter my silent world suddenly burst into song. I was so enraptured that I couldn't even listen to what Edvard was saying. My senses left me. Seeing the idiotic blankness of my face, Edvard said it again.

" You managed to get that bookcase open ? No ? I pull and pull but it is always locked."

Those were the magical words and no peal of bells, no fluted notes of mortal or of Pan could have sounded so sweetly to my ears.

I admitted that I hadn't been especially clever because someone must have forgotten to lock it.

We were on the top floor of a second-hand bookseller in Charing Cross Road. Apparently we both used this as a library, and no one minded—if indeed anyone noticed.

FROM that moment Edvard was my chosen, my brave new world. How grown-up, how sophisticated he was : he must have been at least eighteen.

" I 've seen you here before," Edvard said. " And you always look very serious. You think so hard your face gets all creased up."

" I was trying to *feel* myself into somebody and then I should know what it was like to be them." I was far too excited to bother about grammar.

" Can you do that ? " Edvard was quite willing to believe me.

" I haven't quite managed it yet. But perhaps I 've chosen the wrong people. I 'm Mary Shelley just now, but I haven't felt much. She 's dead though, so perhaps she can't feel. It may really be working, for all I know."

Edvard sat down on the floor among the unsorted books

dreams

and used matches and discarded pages of old catalogues. He seemed utterly exhausted by the immensity and complexity of my mind. Or perhaps he was just tired. I did hope he was a little impressed.

"Couldn't you 'feel' yourself into someone living now and see what happens?" Edvard asked doggedly, unwilling to relinquish an idea, any idea, however absurd, however illogical.

"I can't just begin out of the blue," I said loftily. "I have to do masses of research first."

"Why did you choose Mary Shelley?" Edvard really was interested now that he had cornered me with a direct question which could not be disregarded.

My mind was my kingdom then, and to hand over one small thought might be as dangerous as giving gunpowder to the enemy.

I scrutinized him and what I saw was reassuring. He just wanted to know. Not to use, or to use against me: merely to know. We shared an overwhelming desire for knowledge.

"Because," I said at last, "she *knew* them all, Shelley and Byron and Trelawney and Leigh Hunt and Claire Clairemont and . . ." the intoxication made speech momentarily impossible. "She could watch them and love them. If I thought myself into Byron then I'd only know what he felt, and I don't suppose he felt anything except about himself—oh, and of course Augusta now and again—but Mary knew them all."

Edvard considered this for a moment or two and then, kindly, agreed with me. Obviously Mary Shelley had little fascination for him, but he had a great respect for thought, no matter whose or what about.

WHILE we talked I stared into Edvard's chocolate-brown eyes and longed to be Edvard. How grand to be a man (for Edvard was a man to me), and a man in a foreign country: how dull to be a girl in one's own dull city. With all my streaming banners of admiration unfurled all I could say was "Have you read?" and "Oh, and have you read . . . ?" and out they would come, the books I lived with. Some of them Edvard already knew but if he didn't he would bring out his notebook. Edvard wasn't wasting his time; he was intent upon netting every scrap of information he could. In return he was prepared to boast a little, but his boastfulness had the charm of youth; his acquisitiveness had the urgency of youth, and I, his follower, and his audience, could not want more.

He was preparing for an entrance examination to Oxford. He hoped to go "up" quite soon (he said "op"). Perhaps we could meet again when he came "down"? Wordlessly adoring, I nodded. Up? Down? I had no idea what he was talking about. He looked sternly at me.

"You know what I mean, do you not? These expressions are common usage, no?" he asked threateningly.

Suddenly hating my parents, my teachers, my friends and all who had loosed me so ill-prepared and ignorant upon life, I admitted that I didn't know. "But that's because I don't know anyone at Oxford." I hoped this would placate him.

"It is the same at all your Universities, is it not? One goes op for term time and one comes down for vacations. No?"

"Oh yes, I am *sure* it is. It's just that no one's told me." I blushed to think of all the things I hadn't been told.

"You have no brothers?" Edvard asked accusingly.

"No, no brothers—there's only me." I was ashamed of this, too. It seemed likely that Edvard was one of a large family and that large families were customary in Denmark (or Norway). To have just one child was odd, perhaps even "not done." It was very important then to know what was and was not "done." I was conscious, too, that if I had had brothers they probably wouldn't have gone "up." Really my background was hardly civilized and I could easily have wept. I saw my unborn brothers working in offices and though they didn't exist I blushed for them, too.

Suddenly Edvard relented. "I have no brothers either," he said, and he smiled. How relieved I was.

Our afternoon's enchantment was hustled towards an end because the shop closed and we had to go.

Politely but without much enthusiasm, Edvard wrote down his address for me—a hostel in Bloomsbury. Then he said, casually, that he expected we would meet again and, abruptly, he left me.

(*Continued on page* 54)

He was interested now that he had cornered me with a direct question

A backward glance from the age of plastics to the time when the dressing-table was . . .

Venus's workshop

By SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

Picture top right is the original Eighteenth-Century marquetry design upon which the house of Houbigant based their well-known powder-box

Porcelain perfume flacons (clock and swan), two agate toilet kits and a perfume burner from the Collection Houbigant in Paris

THE other day a young woman motored over to see us. She was a tawny, magnificent creature, the very incarnation of young summer. After dinner we were due to descend upon some neighbours, and she decided to change for the occasion.

Just before dinner, I happened to glance into the spare bedroom. Our guest was seated before the dressing-table, her " make-up box " open, its plastic contents scattered all about her. As the pretty creature worked upon her face, all unconscious of being observed, I could not help feeling with regret that the magic had left her, and that I was witnessing something shameful, never intended for a male eye.

This was obviously an absurd feeling though I could not help but think of the dressing-table two centuries ago.

In its passion for allegory, the Eighteenth Century would paint Beauty emerging from the bath, or before her dressing-table.

Epochs, dominated by masculine taboos and hypocrisies —the Elizabethan and the Victorian, for instance—affect disgust at the very notion that Beauty can ever need the succour of Art.

But the age of Pope and Hogarth and Zoffany delighted to go behind the scenes. They were not such idiots as to assume that any but a child can rise from bed, run a comb through the hair, and be ready to dazzle the world. Woman's dressing-table became an altar for them. Congreve allows Millament's curls to fall into proper order only when her curl-papers are made from love-letters written in verse.

Fluttering among unguents, washes and scented waters, a thousand sylphs aid Miss Arabella Fermor in the " Rape of the Lock " to achieve at her dressing-table that beauty which is to inflame her admirer to frenzy and cause all the trouble.

Once more it is while she is at her dressing-table, before her draped and coroneted mirror, while a Swiss barber does her hair, and an Italian tenor warbles in the background, that the smooth young barrister, Silvertongue, presses his disastrous suit upon the Countess, in Hogarth's " Marriage à la Mode ".

The dressing-table, once the blazing sun of a planetary system, now frequently disguises itself as something else, or, if out in the open, is bare save for a pair of silver brushes and a pot or two. No more *grandes levées*. Now before rushing down, fully-dressed, to preside over early breakfast, Beauty merely wipes over her face with a scrap of cotton-wool and a " cleanser ". (*Continued on page* 56)

LIPSTICK

You could find

a lot of people doing

a lot of strange

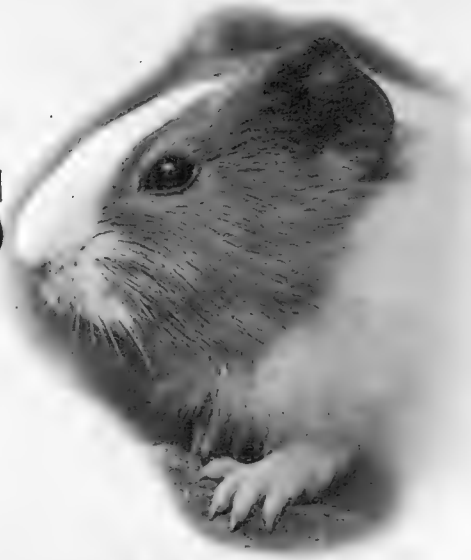
jobs in Hollywood

but not many stranger

than that of the

guinea-pig girls

GUINEA-PIGS



....by MAX FACTOR

BELIEVE me, I have not lived in Hollywood all my life without learning a great deal about men and women. Especially women, of whom I employ a great many.

I want to tell you about some of these who have jobs for which there is absolutely no counterpart in any other industry. They are, in fact, guinea-pigs.

All new products are tested out on them before being marketed. Thousands of test specimens of every sort of cosmetic are experimented with on these guinea-pig girls, and if we want to know for certain whether, for instance, a new type of make-up foundation is durable, or if a new pattern of lipstick is really kiss-proof, the tests are made with our guinea-pig girls.

I hasten to say that I am a research chemist, and it is not my personal responsibility to conduct these lipstick tests. In any case, the work of a beauty guinea-pig is not all kissing: nor, for that matter, is it confined to girls.

We have some *real* guinea-pigs in our laboratory, too, and for reasons which I will explain, certain cosmetic tests are made (quite painlessly, of course) on these tiny animals before the experimental product is allowed to touch human skin.

Now there is a very interesting story behind these guinea-pigs—the girls and the genuine piglets—and to explain it I would like to take you with me to the Max Factor Hollywood Make-up Studio.

I confess to a twinge of pride whenever I see that inscription over the door. Not for my achievements but for that of my father, the first Max Factor. We have come to look upon this international Hollywood beauty centre as a memorial to him. He began it.

We Factors are proud that we come of a poor and almost unknown family in Poland, over seventy years ago. My father's first connection with the theatre was when, at the age of seven, he sold oranges in the theatre at Lodz.

When he emigrated to the New World he knew almost no English. When he set up business in Los Angeles, some forty years ago, Hollywood was hardly in existence.

My sisters, Cecilia and Freda, then babies, were entranced by the glamorous motion-picture stars who came to our little cosmetic shop. My brothers Dave, Lou and Sidney were more interested in such stars as Tom Mix.

I recall those early days because in fact *I* was one of the very first Max Factor guinea-pigs! Not only were new preparations tested on me, but I was ordered by my father to help make them . . . the hard way!

Dad's studio in those days was on the second floor of the Pantages Theater Building, Los Angeles. Soon so many people were coming to us for make-up that we needed all the space for the studio, and the actual compounding and manufacture had to be done somewhere else.

SO we set up a powder-crushing plant in the garage at the back of the small house we rented. Out went our antediluvian family roadster, a tarpaulin thrown over it, and our rolling mill was bolted to the garage floor.

"How are you going to drive it?" I asked my father, but I could tell by his expression that *I* was going to drive it!

Father wrote out the carefully-weighed prescriptions, my brothers and I mixed the compounds, then we took it in turns at the grinding handle. It was like cranking up a car hour after hour, with no chance of getting it started. But it was typical of Dad that he insisted on paying us for the job. My remuneration was the (then) princely sum of 40 cents, worth about two shillings an hour.

My hands were becoming calloused, but what really hurt was the fact I could not get out to join the other youngsters at baseball. This problem I finally solved by hiring other local kids to do the handle-turning for me at 1s. 6d. an hour. When Dad heard of this he cuffed my ear, not too hard, and reprimanded me for exploiting child labour! I was thirteen. . . (*Continued on page* 52)

Among the hundreds of women who sat for Elisabeth Vigée-Lebrun all were beautiful as she was herself

a beauty who painted beauties

By GABRIELLA GROS

The features of the lovely portraitist are familiar through her two self-portraits, of which this is one, painted in youth

GILDED luxury, unequalled elegance, intoxicated loving and living was the motto of the scintillating, glittering Paris society during the last dozen or so years before the French Revolution. A voluptuous drunkenness had seized the Parisians, a shrine was erected to homage beauty, a ball arranged to prepare her for the last dance with the beast—Mme. la Veuve—the guillotine.

The arts, fashions, furniture and architecture were at their most intricate and brilliant, and this spirit, which adored and worshipped beauty, breathes from everyone of the portraits of Elisabeth Vigée-Lebrun.

Elisabeth was born in Paris on April 16, 1755. She was, if we are to believe her many self-portraits, a charming and very beautiful woman, and she became one of the most successful portrait-painters of her time.

The Queen with a rose, as a peasant, as a mother . . . Elisabeth painted very many portraits of Marie Antoinette

Brought up during the *Ancien Régime*, she remained faithful to the acknowledged ideals of her youth throughout her long, adventure-rich life. I purposely do not use the word adventurous here. Elisabeth was not an adventurous personality. The many adventures which befell her on her travels were not of her own choosing. They simply happened, and she writes of them in her memoirs with the same complacent serenity as she would paint her portraits.

Chiefly known as the painter of Marie Antoinette, Elisabeth has painted an astonishing number of portraits of the unhappy queen. The queen bejewelled ; the queen with a rose ; the queen as a peasant ; the queen as a proud mother ; the queen young ; the queen middle-aged, already showing the slight indication of goitre which forced her to wear high, lace-edged collars. We wonder what it must have cost Vigée-Lebrun even to paint the shadow of such disfigurement.

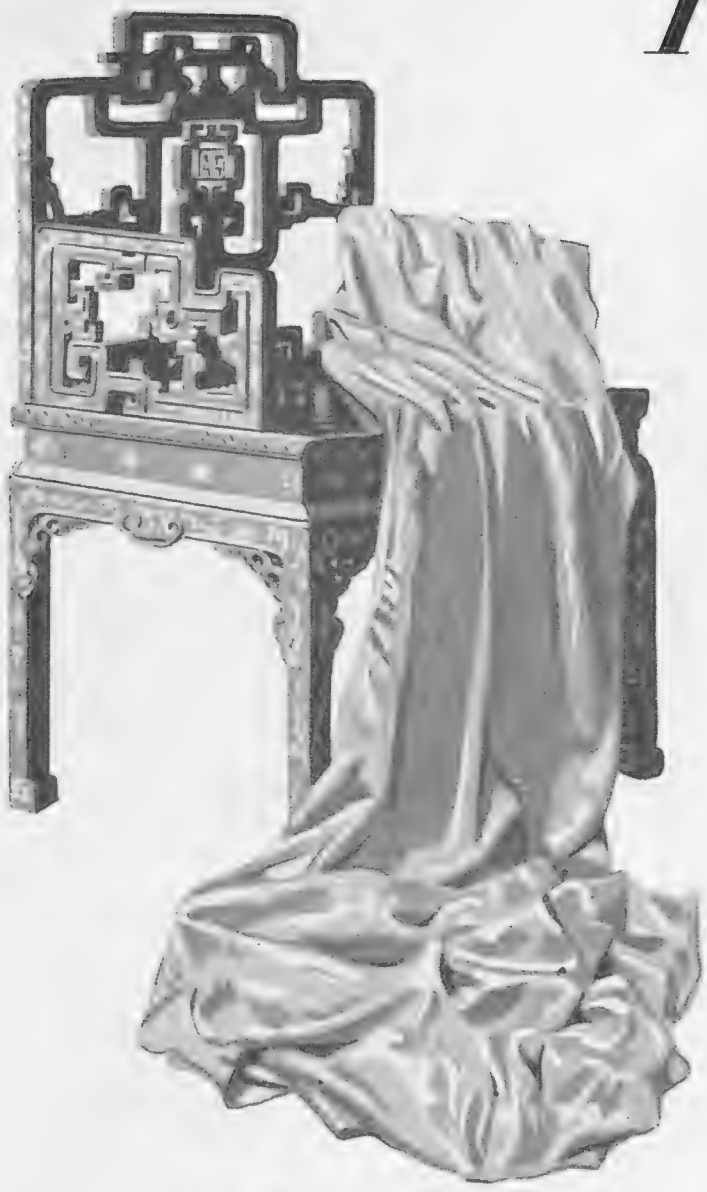
Among her many portraits—and she painted well over 600—we cannot find one which might be said to have a displeasing aspect. Nor can we discover among the hundreds of ladies who sat for her one who was not beautiful. A serenity, even a sentimentality, lies above all she has ever painted.

Be it the Empress of Russia, or Lady Hamilton as a sibyl, or the unfortunate Queen Louise of Prussia—all Elisabeth's ladies are beautiful. They have lovely, deep-gazing eyes, beautifully-rounded arms, sweet expressions and delightful garments and hats.

However, there was nothing mediocre in Vigée-Lebrun's art. She had studied Old and New Masters when still in her early teens. Her portraits are well planned, beautifully composed, fluently executed in (*Continued on page* 52)

The Silk Merchant

By DAPHNE K. FORSTER



SUNSET had come quickly this autumn evening, making the river a fire-dappled obsidian mass. The western sky hung in a painted curtain beyond the Junk Wharf where the junks were massed, their sails like great black bats poised for flight.

Over the teeming city darkness was falling. But that would not be for long. Materially, it was never dark in this city of many races where starvation and gluttony rubbed shoulders and more languages were heard in a square mile than in any other port of the world. The city's illuminated signs, brilliantly lit night-clubs and floods of electric lighting, turned its night into a feverish, glittering day.

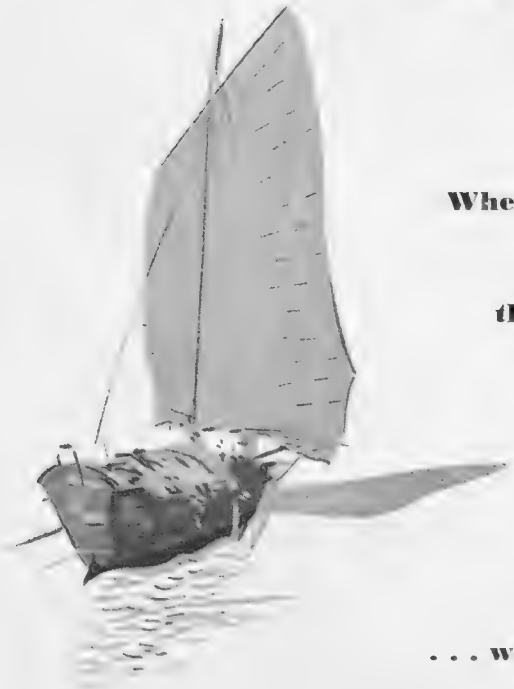
There were of course the alleyways where the homeless snatched what rest they could, and rickshaw coolies, leaden with weariness, slept in their hovels. But these were but the aching, hidden part of the great body of the city. For so it is wherever men have gathered for commerce and raised a mammoth edifice for greater commerce.

Already lights showed along the Creek and in the Beggars' Colony beyond. Soon the Bund would be ablaze, along which the ocean-going liners docked and offices and hotels looked out towards the muddy waters of the Wangpoo.

In a week or so it would be too chilly to sit outside and look towards the Junk Wharf, watching the sunset and the answering lights of the city. Winter would follow swiftly then, the long icy nights and the heavy snow impeding somewhat the ceaseless traffic.

Soon they would come to fetch him indoors with grumblings about old people being as much trouble as babes, for the respect that was once shown for the aged was fading as ancestor-worship disappeared. Or they might forget to come, leaving him with his memories and his opium pipe.

A little extra cold or warmth made small difference to him now. He was so old. Some said he was past his century. But what did they know, these uncouth grandchildren and great-grandchildren of his? They used the fortune he had made and his big stone house in its garden set behind a tall, iron gate. They managed his money affairs and squabbled among themselves. Enough of the religion of their forefathers remained in them to allow him a room and his



When he recalled the only other love in his life memories were fierce and vivid, and the past became present . . . whatever happened the truth must still never be known

opium pipe. He could have had what food he wanted, but beyond his favourite brew of jasmine-scented tea and a little boiled rice, he wanted no more. Once he had coveted everything that was within his reach. His possessions had been vast, with wealth and renown as the prince of silk merchants, wives and concubines. But all that was long ago.

In his room the joss-sticks burnt, and the scarlet coffin with the golden dragons painted on it had stood empty and waiting for years.

HIS body was so dry and brittle and shrivelled that it reminded him of tea leaves laid by and forgotten in some dark cupboard, which when brought to light are found to be savourless. Across the yellow parchment of his face Time's spiders had traced and retraced their network of lines.

All his faculties were blurred; but one remained as it had been in his youth and vigour, that which men had called The Touch of Silk. So that even now, when doubtful bales were brought for his verdict, his hands, shaky and ineffectual, would come into their own again, deftly drawing the silk through gnarled thumb and finger, the feel of the silk entering into him. . . .

Otherwise there were only memories, carrying him with them in a spate of dreams while he sat in the garden in the evenings, smoking his opium pipe and watching the sun set over the Junk Wharf where the sails seemed to cling like bats to the sunset sky. Sometime, as now, the memories were fierce and vivid, and past became present. . . .

The city he knew as a boy sprawled round the fringes of the river. It was anybody's land. Sailors were doped and shanghaied for money, throats were slit, troublesome people thrown unceremoniously into the Wangpoo on dark nights. In the narrow streets, behind their bamboo curtains, the opium-dreamers slept and foreigners came to be initiated into the worship of the Goddess of the Poppy. Lawlessness and violence reigned.

Yet always there was that sense of growing power, of money exchanged and merchandise coming and going from the far corners of the earth. He felt it was a good place for an ambitious lad. Along with fifteen brothers and sisters, a father and worn-out mother, he lived in a *sampan* by the Creek. They lived as best they could, and compared with others in the *sampan* colony who ran out of a supply of dead rats when they were starving and had nothing to eat but river-weed, his family managed quite well. The father worked from dawn till late at night, and from earliest childhood the children were never idle.

Chance gave him his first permanent work, handling bales at the docks, and so brought him into contact with his first love—silk. In his life there had been only one other.

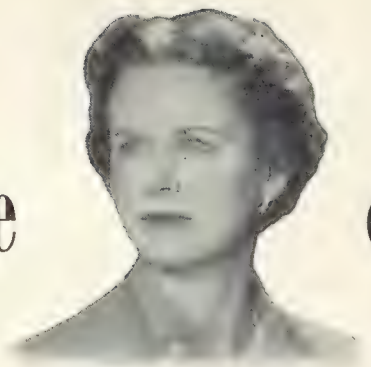
He loved its rustling sound as it flowed out of a torn bale, the caress of it on his skin as he coaxed it back again. Even then he began to tell the different sheens, with depths as variable as water in moonlight. He handled each silken bale with care. For him it was a fragment of beauty so far removed from the primitive life of a *sampan*.

The next step was work in a silk merchant's warehouse, sorting and rolling the shimmering stuff into bales. He could never handle it roughly, stroking it when it was unruly, and at times holding it against his face with the tenderness of a lover. He kept his hands spotless for his silk.

Then came work in a silk shop and customers, recognizing that his judgment was excellent, wanted no one else to serve them, and because of him brought other customers. The owner, a shrewd business man, suggested a lasting partnership by his marrying the owner's daughter.

There followed other shops and his fame established as a connoisseur of silk. He was (*Continued on page* 57)

No home of your own!



By LADY CAYLEY

No bath, no telephone, no peace, when you share it with the seven Cayley sisters . . .

YOU cannot have a home of your own with a grown-up daughter, writes a cynic. With three grown up, and four growing fast, I would go further. Not only your home, but peace and comfort go, too. The telephone is not for you, though it will be permanently in use. All you can hope for is the privilege of taking down the messages—often at night. You, and you alone, are privileged to hear your husband's unprintable comments at the breakfast table on the size of the telephone account. The girls, naturally, are still in bed.

If your only good mirror is in the bathroom, you will be thankful to do your face in the fish kettle, for the bathroom is permanently occupied. As for the car . . . resign yourself to the joys of pedestrianism. Walking is good for the figure, anyway.

The transformation from adolescence to grown-upness comes with startling suddenness, but adolescence is no bed of roses for Mum either. My teenager's anti-socialness and horrified loathing at the news of an impending party; the subsequent scenes over her dressing, leave me battered. "Why can't I go in my jodhpurs . . .? Party frocks are sissy. . . . I'm not going to wear a suspender belt, so what is the use of stockings . . .? Why *can't* I go in my jodhpurs?"

Later, too weary for anything but complete resignation, I drive an unwilling victim to the party, dressed in a not very satisfactory compromise of velveteen school frock, knee socks, and bar shoes. I am a good deal unnerved also, to find elder daughter accompanying us, to my eyes equally embarrassingly dressed in a plunging neckline and a make-up far too sophisticated for any juvenile "hop."

Once there, Teenager, needless to say, adores every minute "stripping the willow" with immense energy but little grace. Only by force can I drag her home at the conclusion. The return journey is enlivened by an account of a wizard boy who "let me dance with him. He can smoke *and* drive a tractor."

To girls of fourteen who have no brothers, boys are lords of creation to be admired, imitated, and slavishly waited on. But very suddenly this attitude suffers a sea change . . . most bewildering. In no time at all your plump and bouncing schoolgirl with unruly hair and teeth lashed back in a metal fence, becomes a willowy young beauty with a not too firm grip on the art of make-up.

Henceforth, we undergo combinations of plum lipstick, azure eye shadow, and claret finger nails applied with a lavish, if unskilled hand. The bathroom is littered with the overflow of creams, lotions, and other aids to charm; while the

"... dressed in a not very satisfactory compromise of velveteen school frock, knee socks and bar shoes"

heavy perfume in which she is smothered causes the head to swim.

Into one's life now come "followers," and it is a distinct shock to discover boys who were so recently tousled babes with smarmed-down hair and clean finger-nails, calling your husband "Sir" with every reverent breath, and leaping to their feet each and every time I leave the room—which, if I have something simmering in the kitchen, is often. I know of nothing more ageing than the perpetual handing of footstools.

But don't think that the girls' bewitching appearance is not achieved without effort. A great deal of time goes into it, during which their devoted but ill-used swains sit about making tongue-tied conversation with the parents.

Then there is the din. Under twenty, it would seem, no one can live except in an indescribable noise. With the radio and gramophone full on and "chopsticks" inexpertly, but loudly, strummed on the piano, I cover my ears and scream a question, to which the answer is, "Oh, sorry, Mummy, I didn't realize the radio was on."

The girls, although always treating one with the greatest kindness and affection, make it clear that between you and the Dodo there is little or no difference. The judgement of contemporaries alone is respected, and it is galling to find one's rare suggestions dismissed with "in your day perhaps!" The same suggestions when offered by one who was recently a child with spots and specs are received as the wisdom of Solomon.

(*Continued on page* 61)

"Rush to meet the arrivals in a long evening dress with a tea towel draped round my middle"

"We stare at the pigs in companionable silence—until discovered at length by a photographer"

INVITATION TO THE

You arrive in Eastern splendour—a jewelled

shed to reveal a dress

Two billowing, bell-sleeved coats : *above*—collarless, to wrap over, in brocade, the design lavishly encrusted with silver Lurex, lined in bright rose-pink faille to match the dress on p. 21. By Jean Allen, about 22 gns. at Cresta, New Bond Street ; Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh. Pixie cap in silky, long-haired felt by Edward Mann, about £1 5s. 6d. at Fenwicks ; Matthias Robinson, Leeds. This one, embroidered with silver sequins, was in pink to match the dress : there are twenty-five other colours to choose from. Coat in showerproof velvet, *right*, with soft framing collar and one large button : black, cyclamen, almond or bottle green, sapphire or " wine-dark." By Anglomac, about 25 gns. at Harrods ; Marshall and Snelgrove, Birmingham. Claw-cap in black velvet studded with pearls and silver beads, by Dolores, about 5 gns. at D. H. Evans ; Nola, Chester

New Year Dance

cap, a voluminous coat of cloth of silver . . ,

like a fuchsia flower

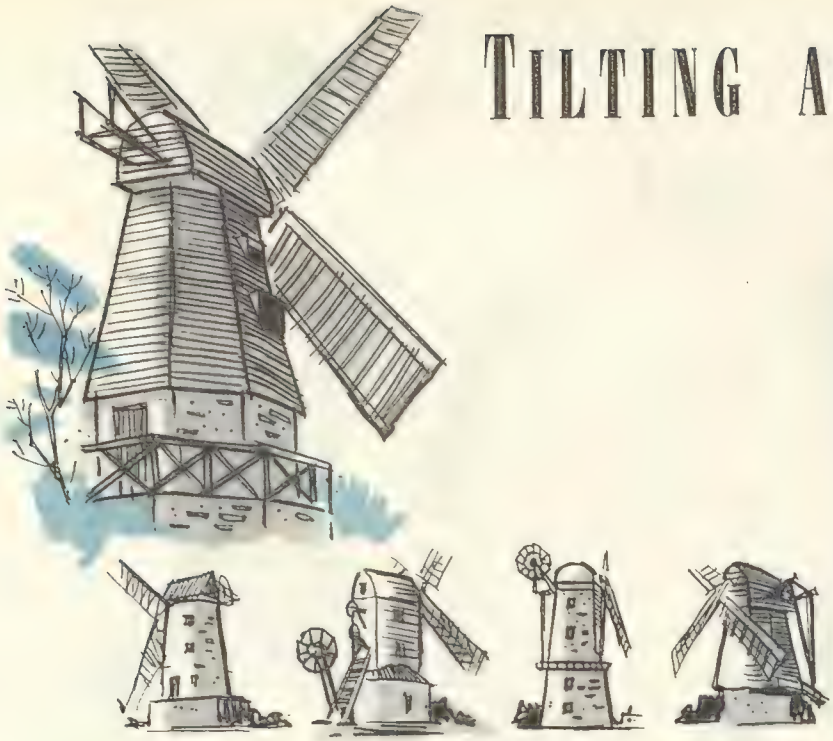
Two versions of the Oriental tunic line : the skirts layered and petal-like, the bodices simple and tailored : *left*—svelte line with sleeves to the elbow, revers, buttoned bodice, gored over-skirt in contrast to the pencil-slim lower tier. In red, black, mushroom, pink, olive green or royal poult, by Bijou, about 5 gns. at Ely's, Wimbledon ; Bainbridge, Newcastle. Bouffant line, *above*, sleeveless, with low-cut collar and bow, full over-skirt and pleated underskirt, in all the gorgeous colours of the East—shot poult : red/veridian, kingfisher/veridian, kingfisher/cherry ; plain poult, red, black. Also by Bijou, about £6 at Evanne, Croydon ; Cavendish House, Cheltenham

The Party Lines

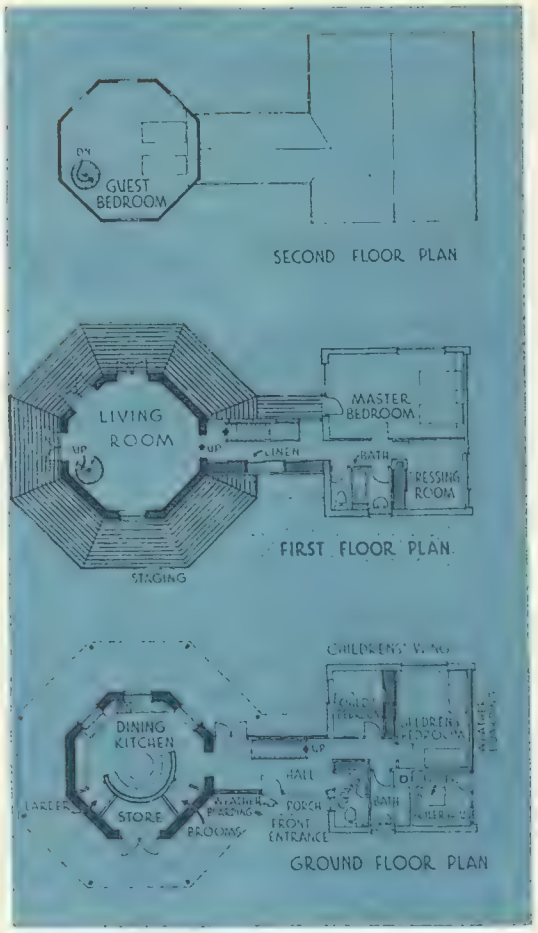
For the younger set's evenings—
cotton dressed up and velvet dressed down:
***above*—a cotton frock with the crispness and dash of American styling—very full skirt, cross-over bodice, gauged shoulders and pockets, pretty small-scale Victorian posy print. By California, £4 19s. 6d. at Hunts, New Bond Street; Watt Bros., Glasgow; Richard Shops everywhere. For the Peter Pan type, a suit, *right*, inspired by Gainsborough's high-born, velvet-clad boys: straight jacket, leg-flattering jeans, flounced organdie blouse with slotted velvet ribbon. The suit, in black velvet, 15 gns. (there is an alternative pencil skirt): the blouse, £2 17s. 6d., from Gay Child, 36, South Molton Street, W.1. Lurex-trimmed suède slipsters by Airborne, £2 9s. 11d. at John Lewis and Harrods**
The newest, brightest, daintiest costume jewellery is marcasite enriched with the vibrant colours of enamel: *opposite*—evening ear-rings, necklet, bracelet, clip ear-rings and brooch, all from E. Silver, 80, New Bond Street, W.1; and—in plain marcasite—sparkling star and scottie dog by Constellation Ltd., Hatton Garden

The wide-necked "Y" line for evening, in interpretations of fine wool and faille. Late-day sweater and skirt, *above, left*, sweater by Garlaine: black, starred with golden beads: also in white, ice-blue, and pink, with matching beads, about 5 gns. at Dickins and Jones, London; Howells, Cardiff; Remelle, Manchester. The pleated wool jersey skirt by Tricosa: black, dark grey, beige, tan, about £8 15s. at Dickins and Jones; Howells, Cardiff; Kendal Milne, Manchester. Calyx-necked dancing dress, *above*, with long, fitted bodice and—as a variation from a sash—the front fulness caught into panniers. The dress to go under the coat on p. 18. By Jean Allen, about 15 gns. at Cresta, New Bond Street, W.1; Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh

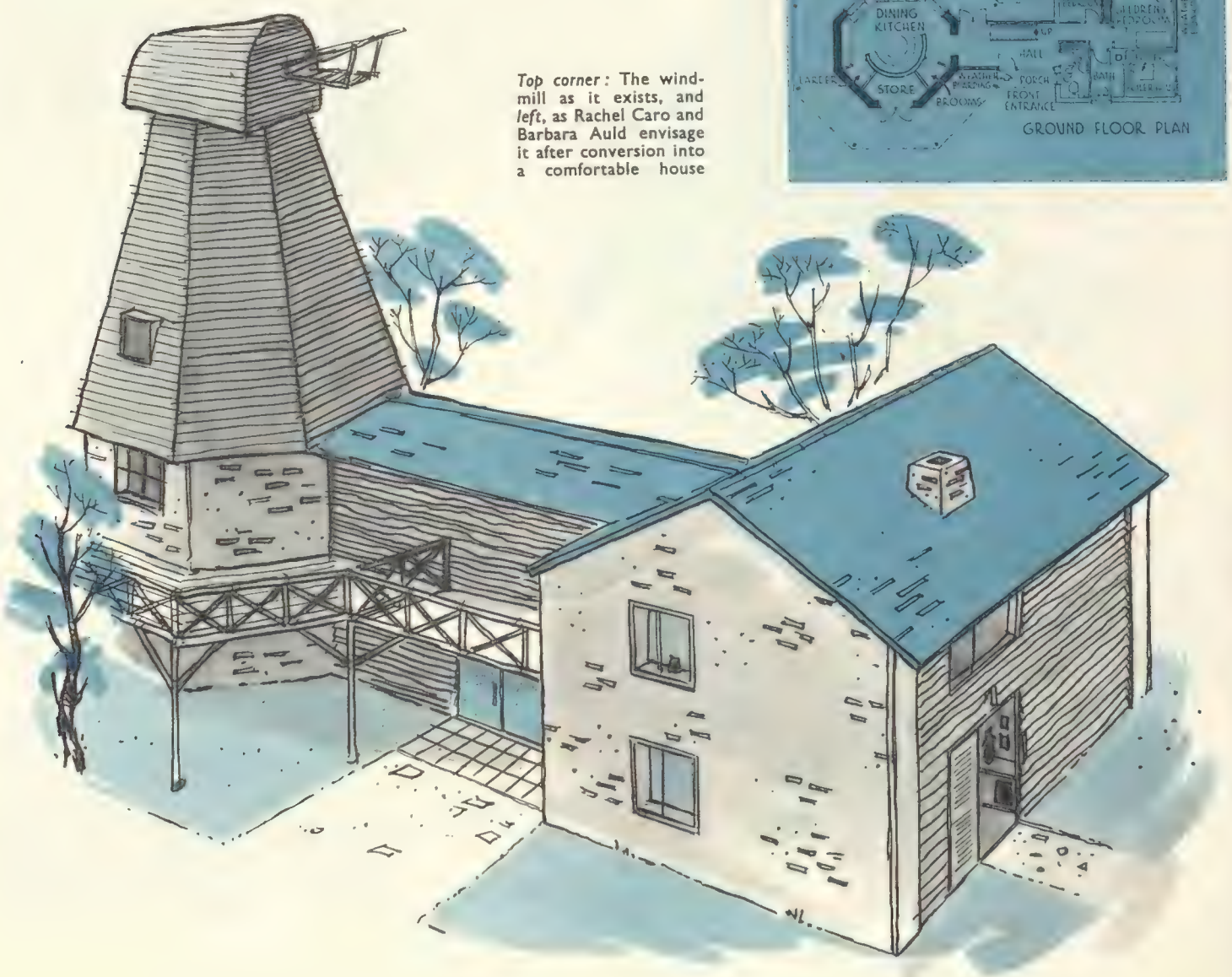
TILTING AT WINDMILLS

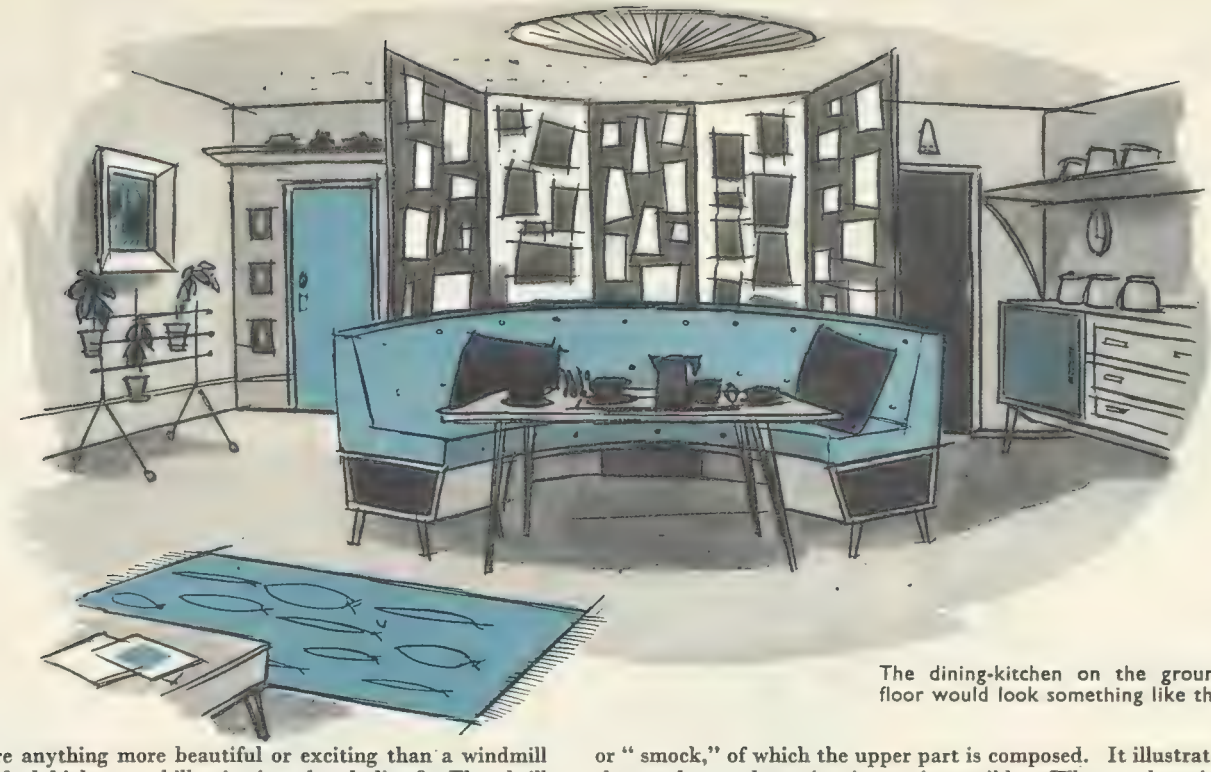


Illustrations by NICOLAS



Top corner: The windmill as it exists, and *left*, as Rachel Caro and Barbara Auld envisage it after conversion into a comfortable house





The dining-kitchen on the ground floor would look something like this

IS there anything more beautiful or exciting than a windmill perched high on a hill, piercing the skyline? The thrill never grows less with each new discovery of these romantic man-made objects, their arms outstretched ready to do battle with Don Quixote or at least the elements.

Mills were mentioned in England, as a curiosity, in the Twelfth Century, and a hundred years later they became commonplace; until, in their heyday there were over 10,000 windmills at work in this country. Now there are less than a hundred to be seen. For the last quarter of a century most sails have been idle, and many have fallen off. For the days of windmills are passed.

But æsthetically windmills should be preserved. If not for the purpose for which they were originally designed, then at least for their charm. This is a plan for the conversion of a windmill into a small house, by Rachel Caro, A.R.I.B.A., and Barbara Auld, B.A. (Arch.). There are various types of mills and this one is called a smock mill, because of the white-painted boarding or "smock," of which the upper part is composed. It illustrates that such an adaptation is not impossible. What a charming and individual house it would make with its octagon rooms and vigorous appearance. The extra wing, which provides additional accommodation, would be built in appropriate materials and style. You will see that the living-room has been made on the first floor, from which the view is splendid, and the "staging" or balcony all around can be enjoyed for outside living.

Many mills were designed to be movable, and there is a legend of eighty-six oxen dragging a mill, on rollers, from the site of a Regency square in Brighton. But in Holland, the land of windmills, they are frequently moved. Some to be harnessed for irrigation (the purpose for which they were originally made) some to be converted into houses.

Few of us can hope to live in a windmill, but if you like these fantastic relics of the past it will at least amuse you to play with the idea of converting one.

This is a visualisation of the first floor sitting-room with the "staging" or balcony seen through one of the windows

The REASON Why

"Give your stair-carpet a chance . . ."

"The villain is probably the television set"

SOME of us who make complaints that furniture and furnishings show defects before they should might be shocked to know that in more than half the cases investigated the fault has proved to be with ourselves.

My own conscience was far from clear when I was shown the Customers' Complaints books of a large West End store and had it explained to me how ill-founded many complaints are from the manufacturers' and retailers' points of view.

In fact, though money is frequently refunded on complaint, the gesture is often made in the interests of "goodwill" rather than because the customer is really "always right."

Let me give you some instances to show how our own lack of understanding leads to defects. Take stair-carpets first:

Complaint: The tufts came out on the front of the stair-treads after a few months.

The reason why: Rubber soles and heels are very often the cause of this. Friction between the rubber and the wool of the carpet means that tufts are pulled out of even the best-quality carpeting. When the household includes heavily-built people, the effects are particularly bad.

The solution: Make it a rule—as our mothers did—that slippers are worn indoors; not rubber-soled ones either

Complaint: The rest of the carpet is good, but some sections of it are worn more than others.

The reason why: In many new houses the stair-treads are narrow, so that kicking the riser (or front) of the step when ascending is almost unavoidable.

When things go wrong with your furniture

you want to know the reason.

Perhaps it is here . . .

The solution: Stair-carpeting must be moved to equalize wear. It should be moved (up or down) twice in the first six months after laying and then twice a year afterwards. Allow an extra half-yard for this movement.

Complaint: The stair-carpet develops a hole and becomes shapeless on the "nose" of one stair-tread.

The reason why: It was not held taut by the stair clips, and there was nothing to protect this vulnerable place from the constant passage of feet.

The solution: Check regularly to see that your clips are doing their work efficiently.

"Coffee tables are not guaranteed against roasting"

Complaint: The lounge carpet has worn badly in one place only.

The reason why: The villain in this case will probably be the television set. Several pairs of feet stretched out in front of the set for many hours each week will give a great deal of punishment to one area of the carpet. The same applies in front of the fire.

The solution: If you have a carpet square then move it round periodically to equalize wear. Buy a TV-side rug.

Complaint: The Brussels carpet has loops sticking up which spoil the appearance.

The reason why: These were probably caught with a nail of a shoe, or a broken chair-castor, or else the cat clawed it up.

The solution: An easy one. A carpet made of looped pile resembles a caterpillar's back. As one loop pulls up the one next to it flattens down. Lift the flattened loop by sliding a needle under it, and the one which has "sprouted" will automatically come down to the right level. (This happens with some upholstery, when children or pets pull up the loops on uncut moquette.)

Complaint: The sideboard drawers will not shut, and the wardrobe door is just as bad.

The reason why: Look to your floors. In many houses, especially older ones, the floors are uneven, and this means that the carcase of a heavy piece of furniture will not stand straight. The same problem occurs in a room with a carpet square and polished boards, where the front feet of the wardrobe or sideboard are resting on the carpet, while the back feet are at a lower level.

"If drawers stick—look to the floor"

The solution: All that is needed is a small wedge of paper or felt under the feet that are at a lower level. This is almost too simple a problem, but stores are frequently asked to send skilled cabinet-makers to attend to furniture which is said to be faulty when all that is wrong is an uneven floor.

Complaint: The dressing-table mirror is losing its silvered backing.

The reason why: This is often caused through standing the dressing-table in front of a window. Condensation from damp air coming in through a ventilator often damages mirrors, and the trouble is made worse because many bedrooms are unheated.

The solution: Find another place for the dressing-table, out of the passage of damp air.

Complaint: Ugly patches develop on bedroom furniture, like the bloom on grapes.

The reason why: These unsightly patches which the furniture trade also knows as "bloom" are also caused by damp and cold. There are not so many complaints about bloom now that central heating is on the increase, and since there are fewer front-parlours which are infrequently used.

The Solution: Put a fire in the room occasionally.

Complaint: A white ring has appeared in the centre of the dining table which stands in the window.

The reason why: You went on your annual holiday, and left a vase or ornament on the table, in full sun. Many vases have bases which trap the air, and the wood beneath (*Continued on page 59*)

"Brute force will wreck plastic curtains"

Cat among the Pigeons

The mysterious affair would have been forgotten, if exactly the same thing had not happened again and again

. . . by FRANK HEADLAND

Illustration

by

OLIPHANT

IT was late afternoon in Moltefiore. Fickle April was yielding to the warm embraces of May under a coverlet of blue, and Domenico Garganto was as willingly surrendering to a strong desire for sleep. Six times his eyes took virtuous note of the freshly scrubbed tiles in front of him before closing in well-earned repose. But the seventh time they stayed open, registering a puzzled annoyance.

The virginal spotlessness of the floor had at some time during his previous lapse into oblivion been rudely smirched by a trail of muddy paw marks extending from one end of his kitchen to the other. The size of the imprints advertised their authorship without any assistance from the black tail disappearing through the inner door. Domenico shouted querulously at the culprit.

"Ovideo! May the fiend seize your whiskers! Did you have to wait until I had made all tidy? And how do you come by wet feet, when it is quite a week since we saw a drop of rain?"

The cat came back with an apologetic face, leaving behind him a fresh trail of footprints. He thrust his absurd great nose into his master's hand and simpered coyly. Domenico felt him all over, and was more puzzled than ever.

"This is very odd," he said. "Devil a thing about you is wet except your feet. I thought somebody had been throwing water over you, old friend, but it appears I am mistaken."

He dried the cat's paws, pulled his tail affectionately, and would probably have forgotten the affair completely if it had not been that exactly the same thing happened the next day—and the day after. Here was a mystery.

"I believe the cat is crossing the stream," he confided to his neighbour Marengo. Cesaro scouted the idea.

"It is against all nature," he said. "If there is anything which cats dislike, it is water. It is the one certain brake on their midnight trafficking. I have myself. . . ."

"Yes, Cesaro, you have—what?" inquired Domenico dangerously.

"I was about to say that I have myself observed the discouraging effect of a stream of water discharged suddenly from a height."

"I do not doubt it," Domenico grunted. "And I dare swear that your hand was no great distance from the pail."

"Now there you wrong me," Cesaro protested. "I have never thrown a pail of water at your cat," he added, salving his conscience with the thought that he invariably used a jug. "But we are wandering from the question of the animal crossing the stream. I say that such a thing is impossible."

A crafty look came into Domenico's eyes. "Would you be prepared to back your opinion (*Continued on page* 55)

I'll take an Ocean Liner

By RAYMOND A. BENNETT

"DO you really think a cruise makes a good holiday?" a bewildered and undecided lady asked me, "you ought to know."

That "ought to know" business put me on the spot, but I accepted the challenge.

"I really think so. Given alternative choices, I'd say, 'I'll take an ocean liner. . . .'"

To cruise well, you allow yourself to drift; to be guided from the very start by the secret magic of those whose job it is to realize and extend your own vague, half formulated wishes. And once you have "signed on," nothing could be easier. You have only to pack, paste CRUISING labels on your luggage and leave your troubles at Paddington Station.

For some, it will be a light, bright, air conditioned banana boat plying a leisurely course to and from the Canary Isles, and a panorama of sun, sea and flying fish. For others, the sleek ocean liner offers one whale of a time for its thousand passengers (how is it they never *seem* crowded?) between here, say, and Trinidad, with high adventure at a number of ports of call, and a daily menu that reads like a gastronomic encyclopaedia.

If cruising, as a holiday, is in the balance—a relative disapproves, perhaps, and talks of the idle way of travelling. But why not—and just think of the children if they are in it, too. Not, so much, of the pleasure they will get from their own special bathing parades and fancy dress parties; not, even, of the freedom *you* will enjoy, with a nursery staff to look after them in well equipped play-rooms and open-air sand pits. Think, rather, of their education. Of all the history and geography they will learn the easy "living" way (at half price), with camel rides to the sphinx, or in the other direction sleigh rides to the rare Lapp encampments.

Cruising has a more-than-satisfactory answer to most holiday problems. It is, for a start, an all seasons occupation. Decide, at any moment, to take a holiday, and you will find just the weather you're looking for. Set a winter course for the Caribbean, and you travel in the sunny wake of Columbus. While away the summer hours among the loveliest of Norwegian Fiords. Or, you can always cruise to the very top of the world (Bergen and North Cape, with frequent land excursions *en route*) and enjoy brilliant, twenty-four hour days of sunlight. And what better tonic, when winter creeps up on you once more, than a sun-soaked cruise all along the Mediterranean, stopping every few days at different ports between Lisbon and perhaps the Greek Islands . . . for around sixty-five pounds.

Each and every day, on a cruise, is vital, and there is no place for discomfort. From the moment you step on board—with a personal steward and hostess to greet you—your well-being is assured. On the luxury liners the cabin, furnished with divans and modern bedroom furniture, has a wireless and a telephone; your table, impeccably set and decorated with flowers, is reserved in the spacious dining-room. In addition to the shopping centre many liners offer a valet service, and the daily newspaper, there is a beauty parlour on your doorstep, a salon for "mecanotherapy," (look it up!) and in some instances a kennel-cum-boudoir for your dog. If the weather, at this end, is chilly, you stroll the length of (*Continued on page* 55)

"A panorama of sun, sea and flying fish, and the lure of high adventure"—the Kenya Castle off Dar-es-Salaam. Funnels of famous steamship lines depicted above are, from top and left to right: Royal Interocean, Shaw Savill, P. and O., Orient, Cunard, United Netherland Navigation and Bergen

Try your hand at any one of a dozen deck games . . .

Colour photographs by courtesy Cunard Steamship Company

Sail in the wake of Columbus or cruise to the top of the world . . .

Spend the morning at the floating equivalent of Palm Beach, or splash around in the covered pool; see the world float by from a deck-chair. In some ways, it wouldn't really matter if you never set foot on land again

Spring flowers in an antique cup from Damascus. Flower designs on this and the facing page arranged by Dods Bebb

Photography by Bebb and Bennett

Yellow tulips grouped fanwise in a black bowl. *Right:* pink roses with white and purple campanula in a grey pottery vase

Don't be afraid to start, find out for yourself how absorbing and fascinating it is to . . .

LEARN TO ARRANGE *Flowers*

By DODS BEBB, F.R.H.S.
Diploma of Sogetsu School of Japanese Art

FLORAL ART is as old as history and just as fascinating, for in tracing back its origins we find that wherever there were flowers and foliage, there were folk who arranged and used them as a means of expression. Pagan or civilized, the language of flowers is universal. Respect and homage, reverence and condolence, love and happiness, every sentiment was and is expressed by the arrangement of flowers.

In this country there has always been an instinctive desire to use flowers on all occasions. Back through the centuries we have Chaucer writing: "She gadareth floures, partye whyte and reede, to make a gerland sotel for hire heede." Later, came the pretty fashion of decking the cradle of the new baby on view to admiring relatives and friends, "Compast all about with roses sweet, and daintie vialets from its head to feet."

In Tudor times every casement-sill had a posy of flowers, tied "tite in tufts." Chimneys, as the wide hearths were called, were filled with "greene" during the summer months; churches decked with flowers for festivals and holy days. Maypoles were festooned with bouquets and flowers threaded on girdles and also used as garlands. Even the horses had flowers plaited into their manes.

Georgian days saw beautiful and robust arrangements of floral materials in great urns and stone vases, and later, the strong vivid colours of heavy and opulent flower compositions well suited the Victorian era.

In the early years of this century, the art of flower arrangement became rather debased and decadent, masses of material, used with little attempt at artistry, covered the dining tables and overflowed on the bamboo furniture then in vogue; and it was not until the forties that women began to turn again to this old art with new and enlightened enthusiasm, finding in it a mental relief from daily worries and a most satisfying and absorbing means of self-expression

Now, with flower clubs and societies springing up all over the country, teachers willing to share their knowledge with lectures and demonstrations, and book after book dealing with flower arrangement being published, there is plenty of encouragement for every woman to learn how to arrange flowers artistically.

Of course, you may be one of those rare people gifted with a natural eye for colour and design, if so, heaven is on your side, you will never place a flower wrongly, and all your compositions will look like wonderful paintings, but most of us are not so lucky and have to learn the basic rules and principles of design by trial and error and quite a lot of practice. My advise is to join a flower club, take a few lessons from an expert and read a book or two dealing with the arrangement of flowers.

GET in touch with your local Horticultural Society, for information about flower arrangement classes in your vicinity. The Women's Guilds frequently include this hobby among their activities.

One of the best books I know, is *The Complete Book Of Flower Arrangement*, by Rockwell & Grayson, (World's Work, 30s. It is not new—I bought mine in 1948—but every page is helpful with instruction and illustration.

Then there is the American classic *Treasury Of Flower Arrangements* (Rutledge 84s.).

Many of the principles which underlie flower work of today are taken from the age old ideals of Japanese floral art. Books dealing (*Continued on page* 58)

SIMPKINS wedged her long legs more comfortably under the small desk and lifted the cover from her typewriter. Then she inserted a virgin sheet of "Brigton Productions" notepaper, not because she was going to type but because it looked better that way.

There was another reason, too, but it was buried deep down in her subconscious and she would have denied its existence vigorously indeed. Ten years ago, she had heard her boss remark to a friend, "Never an empty machine, that girl—wonderful worker!"

She hadn't known Jay very well then. If she had, she would have guessed that it was not an idle remark; that he had said it for a purpose; and that he had made quite sure she would hear. He was a great one for psychology.

Methodically, she polished the blue-framed spectacles and groped behind for any vagabond ends which might have escaped the disciplinary bun net, even while she was noting the previous week's figures at the various theatres.

Simpkins had a christian name. As a matter of fact, she had two. A fond mother had donated Rosalinda while a doting father had delved into his past to emerge with Gladys.

At the age of twenty-three, Rosalinda Gladys Simpkins had started work as a typist for a dynamic personality who wore unpressed trousers and astonishing ties. He was then a theatrical agent by the name of Joseph Alfred Briggs. She was still working for him but there had been changes apart from normal everyday wear and tear.

Rosalinda Gladys had been unloaded in favour of the more practical Simpkins. Joseph Alfred Briggs now owned four theatres; his suits were tailored by a dapper little man in a hush-hush establishment and his ties were censored by an elderly ex-army batman who could do everything from baking to holding his tongue. "A perfect find!" according to Jay who, in the casual manner of stage folk, had changed his name to Jay Brigton.

Simpkins had her head buried in figures when the door burst open. Johnny Karr, the producer of the Arena show, was most gaily attired in a multi-striped shirt which he wore outside his emerald green corduroys. A scarlet scarf decorated his neck and momentarily, Simpkins shut her eyes.

"Darling, trouble with a capital T. How can anyone expect me to produce this show unless I get co-operation? Darling, don't you think I ought to get co-operation? I mean to say. . . ."

"What's the trouble now?"

"Sweet, don't glare like that, not on such a beautiful morning.

"Well, what has the great mind decided?" she asked carelessly

the trouble with

She was amazed at her feelings; anger, resentment and hurt were

For ten years she had

all churning inside her.

been content to hide her secret from Jay—until this happened . . .

When I awoke, the birds were singing and I was at peace with the world. I stick my nose inside this darned theatre and what happens?"

"Well," said Simpkins patiently, "what happened?"

He leaned over the desk imploringly. "Darling, you know I don't run to you or Jay unless it's something very, very important?"

Simpkins nodded obligingly.

"Well, it's Mike. Absolutely refuses to go on working with Katrina. Says she's stealing all the thunder. Rubbish of course, my pet, but she does have a tendency to shove herself in front of him. I've noticed it myself."

"You've spoken to her?" Simpkins was doing a sum in pencil.

"Have I spoken to her? Dearest, I've wasted thousands of words on her. Her story is that Mike has no stage technique, none whatever! Can you imagine what Mike would think about that?"

"He'd hardly be thrilled," Simpkins agreed and finished the sum. "Look, Johnny, have another go at Katrina and when Jay comes in, I'll mention it to him."

Johnny went back on stage and scraping noises from the orchestra pit heralded the timely arrival of the musical director. It was eleven o'clock and although the sun shone brilliantly outside, the small office was lit by electricity. It had no window. Sometimes, Simpkins felt quite apart from the rest of the world; shut in a theatrical atmosphere from morning until night.

AND still the miracle happened. Each night, the show went on. Empty seats, row upon row, were filled with people, wonderful ordinary people who came to enjoy themselves. Simpkins felt very deeply about them but they neither knew nor cared.

And each night, the ghostly, well-scrubbed stage became a fantastic place trod by glamorous chorus girls, handsome men and beautiful women. Even after ten years, Simpkins could still feel a lump in her throat when the musical director lifted his baton and an expectant hush settled over the audience.

But these things she kept to herself. She was Jay Brigton's right-hand "man." A career woman, someone had once called her. For a moment, her eyes strayed from the long columns of figures, then she heard Jay's voice in the passage.

He came in with his usual retinue. His buttonhole sprouted a yellow rose-bud and he carried yellow gloves.

Jay wasted no time in greetings.

"What's all the rumpus about Mike and Katrina, eh?" He poked Johnny in the stomach region. "You ought to be able to handle it, boy. That's what you're here for, right, Simpkins? Never had any trouble in my shows before. Well, speak up, speak up."

Johnny removed the distasteful expression from his face by sheer will-power. "I can handle most things, Jay, but this is a clash of personalities, a difficult business. The woman refuses to co-operate and, of course, Mike just smiles and says he won't work with her. What can I do?" He ruffled his hair. "What in the name of heaven can I do?"

"Won't co-operate, eh?" Jay turned to Simpkins. "Knows she's a damned good soprano, that's the whole trouble. Thinks she should develop a temperament! But the boy now—he's a handsome devil. Should go places." He poked Johnny again. "Have you had a word with them, quiet-like?"

Johnny dragged his eyes from the ceiling and uttered a groaning, "Yes!"

Simpkins said, "I would suggest that this is a matter you need to handle yourself, Jay." She returned his searching glance with a demure smile.

"Okay, okay, I'll fix it, but it isn't my job, not my job at all." Johnny neatly dodged another hurtful jab. "What you have to use in a case like this, my boy, is psychology."

Johnny re-tied his flaming scarf and went to the door and Jay turned his attention to the musical director and the front-of-the-house manager.

THEIR small concerns having been dealt with to everyone's satisfaction, he flung his black homburg at the peg on the wall without even a faint hope of hooking it. Resignedly, Simpkins rose, picked it up and placed it on her desk. Then she re-wedged her legs.

"Why don't you get a decent desk?" he asked, not for the first time.

"Because so many things have changed around here that I want something as it used to be," she retorted. Jay scanned the few letters which needed his personal attention, then returned to the attack.

"But it looks—mean, Simpkins. As if I won't put out the money or something. Don't like it!"

"You don't have to sit here!"

"Where?"

"At this desk."

"I meant that I didn't like the idea, not the darned desk."

"Then why go on and on about it?" she asked sweetly. Then before he could answer, "What about this Mike and Katrina affair?"

"Y-es. Something should be done. Got to treat it delicately, too." He rubbed his forehead and she noted again the thick (*Continued on page 62*)

"But what happened, Mike? Are you hurt?" Katrina asked anxiously

BOOKS

By TREVOR ALLEN

IS there an actress today who would cheerfully embark on a wedding like that of the lovely Ellaline Terriss and Seymour Hicks in 1893, after they had fallen in love in the same show? They met at Bedford Park Station near her home, drove to Brentford Registrar's office in a decrepit old hansom, hired a pair of tipsy, shabby men as witnesses, lurched off in the cab to bystanders' laughter and jeers, quickly paid it off to save expense, went to town by tram and bus, and wedding-breakfasted at the Monico on—Irish stew!

Now, at eight-four, she says in her warmly intimate autobiography—**"Just A Little Bit Of String"** (Hutchinson, 21s.): "I have never known a more devoted couple than ourselves," and when people asked her, wasn't she jealous and unhappy about all the charmers who made such a fuss of her husband? she replied from her heart: "No . . . because I know I am the only one he really loves."

After fifty-seven years of marriage they were still lovers, though—as Beverley Nichols admits in a Foreword—Sir Seymour was no saint. She gives us a fascinating cavalcade of sixty years' show-life, starred with anecdotes of the famous.

Ethel Merman, U.S. star of *Call Me Madam*, *Annie Get Your Gun* and other hits, tells a tougher story in **"Don't Call Me Madam"**. (W. H. Allen, 16s.). She was born with an outsize voice. Even when she was a baby, people who heard her from the next room or down the street would say, "That's Ethel." She was once dubbed "a doll from Astoria with a trumpet in her throat, and her throat doctor told her: "I can't even see your vocal chords. They must be somewhere down in your calves." She, too, decks her romantic life-story with amusing anecdotes. Hearing what Billy Rose paid for one of his Picassos, a still life, she told wife Eleanor: "Fifteen thousand bucks! I could buy all that fruit for thirty-five cents, and eat it besides!"

Margaret Lockwood's up-and-coming was demure by contrast with Ethel's: Upper Norwood, Italia Conti and Cone schools, R.A.D.A., a prompt film contract through an agent who saw her there, and the pathway to stardom with few serious hitches apart from a disinclination to doll up, even for presentation to Queen Mary. She hugs so many well-earned bouquets—and awards—to her grateful heart in **"Lucky Star"** (Odhams, 12s. 6d.) that I don't think I need add to them, except to say that she writes simply, sincerely, about studio and stage life, her romances, and marriage, and every young aspirant will warm to her. There isn't much of a devil in her, though she did play *The Wicked Lady*.

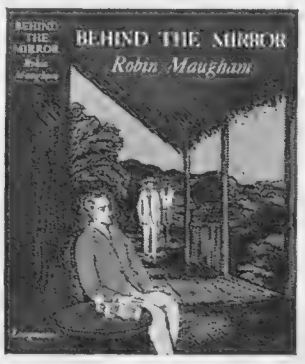
(*Continued on page* 60)

FAR NORTH

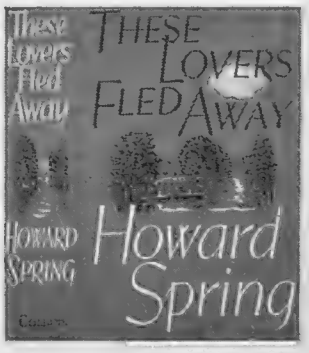
IMAGINE being marooned with a small plane in a howling blizzard on pack-ice in Canada's Eastern Arctic, digging tunnels to hold mooring cables, then hearing the crack of the ice under you breaking loose! That happened on one of many mercy missions described in **"Arctic Doctor"** (Odhams, 15s.) by Joseph P. Moody (with W. de Groot van Embden), who for three years was doctor to two thousand patients scattered over 600,000 square miles, more than one thousand miles from civilization, and also served as J.P. and coroner. Eskimo life figures largely in his tough, hardy story.

Mary E. Hope—**"Lamp On The Snow"** (Angus & Robertson, 12s. 6d.)—had her taste of Canada's Far North as nurse at Granite Springs cottage hospital. She writes admirably of her work, her amusing contacts with villagers, her snowbound journeys into the wilds. Women will salute this young Nightingale in snow-boots.

Knightsbridge with the lid off best describes Peter Forster's first novel



A delicate emotional subject and some strong drama from Robin Maugham



Loves, triumphs, set-backs in Howard Spring's story of fifty years of a man's life

Perhaps you will say after reading this . . .

Is it really a

. . . by

CONSIDERING the avalanche of American films, American comics, American drinks, shoes, ties, frocks and gadgets we import into England all the time, I must confess that I was amazed, on my recent and first visit, to find the United States so totally unfamiliar.

Unfamiliar and utterly enthralling, the way a fairy-tale is enthralling. And I notice amongst British travellers today a changed attitude with regard to the American way of life. Before the second World War the typical English reaction to the U.S.A. was raised eyebrows and a polite determination not to be intrigued by anything. But now it is, oh, quite different!

I found extremely English ladies dotted about America, some in New York, some far off the beaten track, who declared, in the accents of Kensington if not Belgravia, that they *adored* America, it was the *one* country for women, that the rush was *so* stimulating, and what *fun* it was even when it was hell. Englishmen there, and how English they were, declared the life to be exciting and really the very next best thing to safari, and who can afford safari any more, anyway?

The Americans, I am sure, will be disappointed, however, if their English guests become Americanized beyond recognition—for, of course, they prefer us to be traditionally British, and what that means is to be excessively tall and thin, of ducal descent, always dressed in tweeds if not in coronet and regalia, and preferably with a slight stammer.

In some respects, America seems more like the orient than like Europe, the orient of the Arabian nights, that is. The tropical climate, so much too hot in summer by nature and in winter equally hot by artifice: the prodigal meals, wildly over-spiced and over-sugared (like a repast from the gilded tables of the great Caliphs), which nobody eats because everyone—both sexes and all ages—are madly dieting; the floods of beauteous damsels, dressed as for the Opera but in point of fact just on their way to work, with four-inch high heels on their pink slippers, flowers in their hair and artificially inflated bosoms; the "five and ten," rivalling the fabled bazaars of old Baghdad for colour, glitter and ephemerality—for nothing in America is made to last longer than Bottom's dream. Good for trade I am told, to throw everything away constantly and buy new.

YES, indeed, the machines *are* very much bigger, very much smoother, very much shinier and very much faster than ours—all except the machinery of the Post Office, which no one uses anyway, because everyone prefers to telephone, even to quarrel, even to quarrel across the

WOMAN'S *country?*

Picture *(right)* shows the main street of Waterford, Vermont, under snow

PEARL BINDER

three-thousand-mile continent. (Such lavish disregard of expense seems voluptuously oriental, compared to sober British habits, does it not?)

Good Americans trade in their cookers, cars, washing-machines, videos, refrigerators, aeroplanes (marriages, too, often enough), after a year or so, and hire-purchase newer, brighter, bigger, sexier models. They are always sure the new model will be an improvement, and never become sated with anything, provided it is slightly different from the last model.

It is not at all surprising that America reads so few books in proportion to her enormous and very rich population. It isn't that our American friends don't want to or don't mean to. They do want to and they do mean to. They just haven't got time. Their machines absorb every moment of their lives. They adore them and treat them with the caresses and devotion children give to new toys. I don't think the labour-saving aspect of American domestic machinery is the important point at all. Far from it. I am sure I could wash and dry up infinitely faster by hand than some of the highly complicated near-human machines American housewives are installing. But they certainly are fun to play with.

I was always taken straight into *(Continued on page 58)*

The writer, who has a boy of her own, asked others,

too, what kind of furniture best pleases

A young man's FANCY

A BOY'S room is so often a repository for cast-off furniture from other rooms. An elderly, balding carpet strives to cover the floor; the chair has seen better days in a once-fashionable dining-room set; the curtains are pensioners from the parents' room.

"After all," says Mother, "you know what boys are. . . ." "Uncivilized little wretches," growls Father. ". . . don't take care of anything."

But think back to John's arrival on this planet. Nothing was considered too good for the new baby; the spare-room blossomed into pastel blue and a crowd of fluffy ducklings. But, as John grew to be a sturdy little boy, each item of furniture bore witness to his abounding strength and energy. By the time he had entered the jet phase—between eight and twelve years old—the battered survivors of the nursery suite were dismissed by him as "baby stuff."

Like most parents, John's are inclined to retreat from their first enthusiasm and to leave him to his self-inflicted shabbiness.

But is this fair? Even by the time a boy is seven, his natural urge to destruction finds plenty of outlets outside the home. By the time he is twelve and moving up to middle school, he is capable of devoting great care to such things as he considers to be really "supersonic."

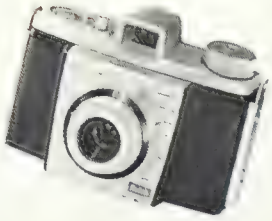
His budding individuality may well react favourably to a background of his very own, and it is at least fair to give the young rascal a chance. Banish the ill-assorted collection of furniture and bring in to replace it a few practical but attractive pieces which will meet John's needs from now until he does his National Service, or even—with some additions—until he has a home of his own.

(*Continued on page* 63)

By MARGARET BOWIE

Illustration by SCHWARZ

We planned this room to include all the features specified by a group of schoolboys. More details of the items pictured here are shown on page 63



Britannia and Eve
VOGUE

PATTERN SERVICE

8731

July in January

8753

Perhaps you are taking a winter holiday, cruising in sunny climes . . . or maybe you're already planning your summer vacation. We bring you a breath of July in January with sun-catching patterns

THE classic shirtwaister (*left*) assumes a new rôle as herald of the latest fashion story—the importance of Paisley prints. Paris and London showed a blaze of Paisley in coats and cardigans, shirts and sheaths. With summer in mind you could make this dress in a brilliant Paisley-printed cotton, or pick one of the wonderful patterned wools for a warm dress with the sunshine look. We love this impressionist mixture of blues and greens. Notice the exciting addition of a pastel calf belt highlighting the dress by the double contrast of texture and colour. Vogue Pattern 8731; 3s.; in bust sizes 30-38

THERE'S childlike simplicity in every detail of this bare-armed dress (*right*)—in the high, round neck changing to wide shoulder straps at the back, and in the unstressed fullness of the skirt. We emphasized this childlike note in our choice of fabric—cool white cotton with a broken scarlet stripe. We added a vast straw hat and wide gilt bangles. Another way of looking at it—make the pattern in grey flannel to serve as a pinafore dress and meet the demands of July or January. We like the idea of making this dress as a skirt and blouse to interchange with all your other separates. The dress is Vogue Pattern 8753 "Very Easy to Make"; 3s.; bust sizes 28-38

8747

8740

July in January

As cool as you like, as romantic as you please, a dress (*above*) with a snug bodice and a wide billowing skirt. The bodice is cut knife-straight across the throat, joining tiny set-in sleeves. The fabric for the dress—cream piqué strewn with full-blown pink poppies. Frivolous footnote—wear it with coral ballet pumps. Vogue Pattern 8747 "Easy to Make"; 3s. 6d.; bust sizes 30-38

For sightseeing and travelling, the slip-sheath in summer mood, seamed to give the easy fit of a supple glove (*above right*). We like the notched neckline, the low-set pockets and the row of big wooden buttons. We made the dress in coffee-coloured linen teamed with pale gloves and a deep-crowned planter's hat. Vogue Pattern 8740; 3s. 6d.; bust sizes 30-40

8731

8753

8747

8740

HOW TO ORDER

You can order these Vogue patterns direct from us. Send remittance as indicated below, plus postage (2½d.) to Vogue Pattern Service, Britannia and Eve, Ingram House, 195 Strand, London, W.C.2. (Cheques should be made payable to Vogue Pattern Service.) When ordering please note that bust sizes go up in 2-in. steps, i.e. 32 in., 34 in., 36 in. etc.

** **Fabric requirements** below for patterns in this issue are for size 34 in. bust only. *Before purchasing material be sure to study the pattern envelope, as requirements are always given for other sizes and fabric widths in addition to those quoted below.* Fabric widths on the market include 36 in., 42 in., 45 in., 48 in., and 54 in.

No.	Price	Page		Yards	Width
8731	3s.	40	Shirtwaist dress	6	35 in.
8753	3s.	41	High-necked dress	4	35 in.
8747	3s. 6d.	42	Full-skirted dress	5	35 in.
8740	3s. 6d.	42	Sheath dress	3⅛	39 in.

We may call it junk and throw it away—but Nitcha

finds decorative uses for all kinds of unlikely things

Nitcha finds a use for it

No wonder Nitcha stops the traffic when she drives her veteran car

Nitcha's stall in the Village Suisse, Paris, is a garden of curiosities to delight the ingenious home decorator. Below—Nitcha plants a cushion on the head of a carved monkey and makes a stool of it

HAVE you a merry-go-round to sell? If you have, Nitcha, of Stall 51 at the Village Suisse flea market in Paris, will buy it. She sells the horses to Americans and Parisians to decorate their homes. They are captivated by the idea of a gaily painted merry-go-round horse in the hall for visitors to drape their coats over instead of some dingy old coat rack.

These horses may also be used in the garden to hold a lamp or a large sun umbrella. The handle of the umbrella fits through the hole orginally designed for the upright of the merry-go-round.

The carved wooden heads that adorn the tops of French merry-go-rounds can be fixed on to a wall in the same way as an ornamental mask and are solid enough to support a vase or lamp.

Nitcha has dozens of ideas. The uses that this young Frenchwoman finds for material that often looks like junk are little short of genius. Her stall in the neat Village Suisse, on the Avenue de Suffren, near the Metro Champ de Mars, is a weird and wonderful collection of fiacre lamps, cane grape-picking baskets, sleighs, goat carts, charcoal braziers, bistro pedestals, fountains and fountain masks, butcher's tables, baker's bread racks and many other oddments. Almost all are used effectively for decorative purposes.

Nitcha gained some of her artistic "know how" from eleven years' ballet training in England. She was a pupil at several ballet schools. Her husband teases her about learning ballet for eleven years to sell junk! But she has no regrets about giving up her career for marriage.

"Do you know what is the most wonderful thing in the world?" she exclaims, and picking up her three-year-old son, Yves, she cuddles him. The Raymonds (that is Nitcha's married name) also have a seven-year-old daughter, Claire.

Nitcha describes her work as "finding things to sell to decorators and giving them an idea of how to use them." Most of her customers are American dealers. "French people will tell you that Americans are crazy but things that are in vogue in the States will be popular in France a year later, so I do not have any worries about overstocking."

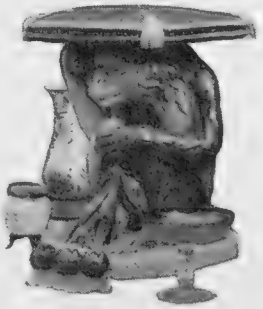
She started this work seven years ago as an alternative to going to live in the centre of France.

"My husband had a drapery business there but as I hate that part of the country I had to find something to do that didn't mean leaving Paris."

It took her about four years to learn the business, watching other dealers before she gained the confidence of her own ideas. And when her husband told her, "Well, you're doing all right," she found the courage to go ahead. Sometimes they have disagreements about things she wants to buy when they go on their weekly trips to different parts of France. Perhaps a few of her ideas are crazy but Nitcha is generally right about what will sell.

It is no wonder that her husband is amazed when she buys an enormous gilt crown, for instance. What would anyone do with that except at Coronation time or on a building?

Nitcha will sell it for use above a four-poster bed with curtains draping gracefully from it. Alternatively, the crown could be used as a bird's cage, an optician's sign with a huge painted eye or as a decorative motif with lights behind it.



Fantastic ideas, but there are dozens of others which could be appropriate for many homes. Flat-backed cane baskets used in grape harvesting are given a light yellow varnish. They look extremely attractive holding flowers, particularly hydrangeas, either in or out of doors (they will hold earth).

The bowl-shaped pedestal-mounted utensils found in Paris bistros to hold cleaning liquid, make effective plant containers. So do sleigh chairs or goat carts with the seats (*Continued on page* 63)

By L. E. Kingsbury

SHEATH DRESS and MATCHING JACKET

MATERIALS.—Jacket: 20 (21, 23) oz. of Tweed Mixture Emu Carousel Double Botany and 2 oz. of Solid Shade for all sizes. **Hand knitting:** 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 11 knitting needles. **Machine knitting:** 1 pair No. 11 needles; 6 buttons; petersham ribbon, and 1 yd. of straight binding. **Measurements:** To fit 34 to 35, 36 to 37 and 38 to 39-in. bust size; finished length, 21½ (22, 22½) ins.; sleeve length, 18 (18, 18½) ins. **Tension:** 6½ sts. and 9 rows to 1 in. Machine to be set to give this tension. **Abbreviations:** K., knit; p., purl; tog., together; st(s),. stitch(es); inc., increase by working twice into the same st.; dec., decrease by working 2 sts. tog.; sl., slip; p.s.s.o., pass slip stitch over; t.b.l., through back of loops; st.-st., stocking-stitch which is k. 1 row, p. 1 row alternately.

Note 1. *Where three alternative figures are given, the first is for the 34 to 35-in. size, the second for the 36 to 37-in. size and the third for the 38 to 39-in. size.*

Note 2. *Paragraphs headed* ***Hand Knitting*** *refer to hand knitted version only; those headed* ***Machine Knitting*** *refer to machine knitting only.* ***All other paragraphs apply to both versions.***

THE JACKET

BACK

Hand knitting.—With No. 10 needles.

Machine knitting.—With machine set at main tension.

Dress and jacket knitted on a Trico-Fix machine. Photographs by John Cole

Cast on 120 (126, 132) sts. Work 36 rows in st.-st.

Hand knitting.—K. 35, mark the next st. with a coloured thread, then k. this st., k. 48 (54, 60), mark next st., k. to end of row.

Machine knitting.—Mark the 36th st. in from either side of machine with a coloured thread. Work this row.

Work further 21 rows. Dec. each end of next and following alternate row, work 1 row. 116 (122, 128) sts.

Hand knitting.—K. 25, mark the next st. and knit, k. 15, mark next st. and knit, k. 32 (38, 44) mark next st. and knit, k. 15, mark next st. and knit, k. 25.

Machine knitting.—Mark the 26th and 42nd st. in from either side of machine. Work this row.

Work 27 rows.

Hand knitting.—K. 33, mark the next st. and knit, k. 48 (54, 60), mark next st. and knit, k. to end of row.

Machine knitting.—Mark the 34th st. in from either side of machine. Work this row.

Work 43 rows. (The length of the jacket can be adjusted at this point.)

To Shape Armholes.—Cast off 8 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows, then dec. each end of next 6 rows. Work further 54 rows.

To Shape Shoulders.—Cast off 9 (9, 9) sts. at beginning of next 4 rows, then cast off 8 (9, 10) at beginning of following 2 rows. Leave remaining 36 (40, 44) sts. on stitch-holder.

POCKET LININGS (2)

Hand knitting.—With No. 10 needles and solid shade.

Machine knitting.—With machine set at main tension and solid shade.

Cast on 21 sts. Work in st.-st. for 28 rows. Leave sts. on stitch-holder.

LEFT FRONT

Hand knitting.—With No. 10 needles.

Machine knitting.—With machine set at main tension.

Cast on 65 (69, 72) sts. Work in st.-st. for 34 rows.

35th row: Hand knitting.—K. 22 (24, 26) place next 21 sts. on stitch-holder, leave in front of work, k. 21 sts. of pocket lining, k. 22 (24, 25).

Machine knitting.—Skip 22 (24, 26) sts. place next 21 sts. on to stitch-holder and replace by stitches forming pocket lining. Work this row.

Work 1 row.

37th row: Hand knitting.—K. 30 (32, 34) mark next st. and knit, k. to end of row.

Machine knitting.—Mark the 31st (33rd, 35th) st. in from side edge. Work this row.

Work further 25 rows.

Hand knitting.—K. 22 (24, 26) mark next st. and knit, k. 15, mark next

For all occasions—a versatile two piece designed for hand or machine knitting

Designed by Margaret Kinnard

st. and knit, k. to end of row.

Machine knitting. Mark the 23rd (25th, 27th) and 39th (41st, 43rd) sts. in from side edge. Work this row.

Work 27 rows. Repeat the 37th row. Work further 43 rows.

To Shape Armhole. Cast off 8 sts. at beginning of next row, then dec. at this edge on every row 6 times. Work 28 rows.

To Shape Neck. Cast off 14 sts. then dec. at this edge every alternate row until 26 (27, 28) sts. Continue until same length as back.

To Shape Shoulder. Cast off 9 (9, 9) sts. at beginning of next and following alternate row, then cast off remaining 8 (9, 10) on next alternate row.

RIGHT FRONT

Hand knitting. With No. 10 needles.

Machine knitting. With machine set at main tension.

Cast on 77 (81, 84) sts. Work in st.-st. for 34 rows.

Hand knitting. K. 34 (36, 38), place next 21 sts. on to stitch-holder, leave in front of work, k. 21 sts. from pocket lining, k. 22 (24, 25) sts.

Machine knitting. Skip 34 (36, 38) sts., place next 21 sts. on to stitch-holder and replace by stitches forming pocket lining. Work this row.

Work 1 row.

37th row : Hand knitting. K. 42 (44, 46), mark next st. and knit, k. to end of row.

(*Continued on page* 64)

THE DRESS.

MATERIALS. Dress 23 (25, 27) ozs. of Tweed Mixture Emu Carousel Double Botany and 1 oz. of Solid Shade for all sizes. **Hand knitting.** 1 pair each of Nos. 10 and 12 knitting needles. Petersham ribbon. **Measurements.** To fit 34 to 35, 36 to 37, and 38 to 39-in. bust size ; finished length skirt, 29 (29½, 30) ins. ; finished length body, 17 (17½, 18) ins. ; hips 37 (39, 41) ins. Please see opposite page for Tension, Abbreviations and Notes.

DRESS FRONT

*** **Hand Knitting.** With No. 10 needles.

Machine knitting. With machine set at main tension. Cast on 122 (128, 134) sts. Work in st.-st. for 198 (202, 206) rows. At this point the skirt should be made longer or shorter as required. Dec. on next and every following 5th row until 100 (106, 112) sts.

Hand knitting. Change to No. 12 needles.

Machine knitting. Change to tension 3 sizes smaller than for body of work.

Work 20 rows.

Hand knitting. Change to No. 10 needles.

Machine knitting. Change to main tension.

** Work 3 rows.

Next row : **Hand knitting.** K. 16, k. 2 tog., k. to last 18, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o, k. 16.

Machine knitting. Place 17th st. on 18th either side of machine and work row.**

Repeat from ** to ** until 90 (96, 102) sts.

Inc. at each end of next and every following 6th row until 106 (112, 118) sts. Work 0 (4, 8) more rows.

To Shape Armholes. Cast off 8 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows, then dec. each end of every row 6 times 78 (84, 90 sts.).

*** Work 6 more rows.

Hand knitting. K. 20 (22, 24), turn and work on these sts. only for 45 rows.

Machine knitting. Place 58 (62, 66) sts. on to stitch-holder and work on remaining 20 (22, 24) sts. for 46 rows.

Cast off.

Hand knitting. Cast off 38 (40, 42) sts. and work second side to correspond.

Machine knitting. Cast off 38 (40, 42) sts. from stitch-holder, place remaining sts. on to machine and work second side to correspond.

BACK

Repeat from *** to *** as for Front. Work 24 rows.

Hand knitting. K. 20 (22, 24), turn and work on these sts. only for 27 rows.

Machine knitting. Place 58 (62, 66) sts. on to stitch-holder and work on remaining 20 (22, 24) sts. for 28 rows.

Cast off.

Hand knitting. Cast off 38 (40, 42) sts. and work second side to correspond.

Machine knitting. Cast off 38 (40, 42) from stitch-holder, place remaining sts. on to machine and work second side to correspond.

FRONT NECK FACING

Hand knitting. With No. 10 needles and solid shade.

Machine knitting. With machine set at main tension and solid shade.

Cast on 70 (72, 74) sts. Work 16 rows.

Hand knitting. K. 16, cast off 38 (40, 42) sts., k. 16. Work on these last 16 sts. for 45 rows. Cast off. Join in wool and work second side to correspond.

Machine knitting. Place 54 (56, 58) sts. on to stitch-holder, work on remaining 16 sts. for 46 rows. Cast off. Cast off 38 (40, 42) sts. from stitch-holder, place remaining 16 sts. on to machine and work second side to correspond.

BACK NECK FACING

Hand knitting. With No. 10 needles and solid shade.

Machine knitting. With machine set at main tension and solid shade.

Cast on 70 (72, 74) sts. Work 16 rows.

Hand knitting. K. 16, cast off 38 (40, 42) sts., k. 16. Work on these last 16 sts. for 27 rows. Cast off. Join in wool and work second side to correspond.

Machine knitting. Place 54 (56, 58) sts. on to stitch-holder, work on remaining 16 sts. for 28 rows. Cast off. Cast off 38 (40, 42) sts. from stitch-holder, place remaining 16 sts. on to machine and work second side to correspond.

TO MAKE UP.

Press all parts with a warm iron over a damp cloth. Sew on back and front facings, sew up shoulder and side seams. Sew ribbon to bottom of dress.

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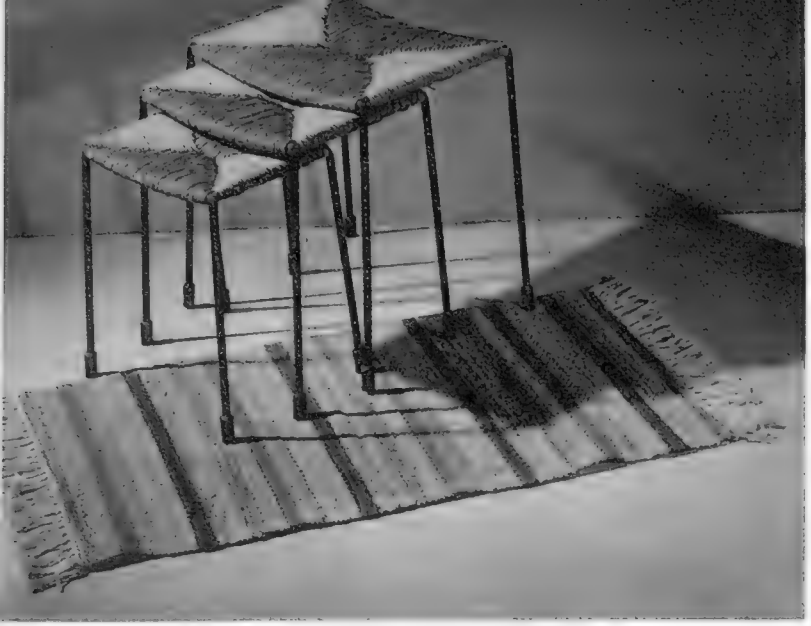
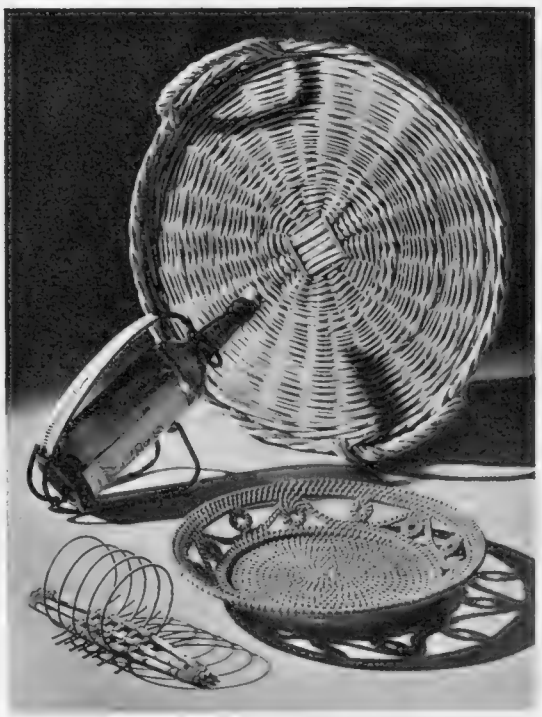
Margaret Sharp

SHOPPING

for you



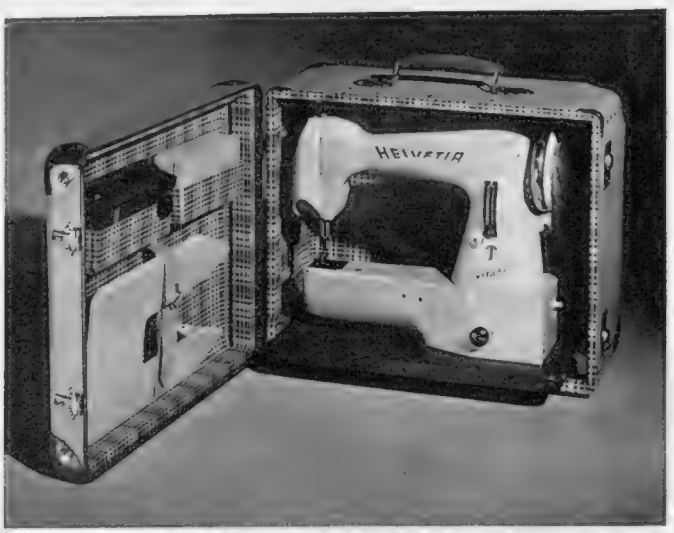
Nest of rush stools with black metal frames and rubber feet. Small size, 49s. 6d. ; medium, 54s. 3d. ; large, 60s. 6d. Deben Rush Weavers, Debenham, Suffolk. Washable cotton-rag rug (19 ins. by 34 ins.) in handwoven multicoloured stripes, 22s., plus 2s. 6d. postage. From the Eva Hauser Gallery, 281, Finchley Road, London, N.W.3



Four ideas on a cane theme. Toast rack designed like a raft, 6s. 6d., and a strong, round tray (18 ins. diameter), 18s. : from Primavera, Sloane Street, London. Danish wine cradle in black metal-and-cane, 27s. 6d. roll and bread basket, 9s. 11d. Druce, Baker Street, London, W.1

"Rabbit"—but with a difference. These natural undyed furs are indistinguishable from the more expensive variety. Necklets in black, blue, brown, white or grey, 3 gns. Washable rabbit-fur powder-puff that feels like thistledown, 7s. 6d. In various colours. Both from Looe Rabbitries, Looe, Cornwall

Candlestick with graceful contemporary lines. Brass, 2 gns. ; silver-plate, 3½ gns. Non-drip candles, in various colours, 9s. 6d. a dozen. Woollands, Knightsbridge, London



Portuguese "cabbage" pottery is exact in every detail. This amusing soup tureen has two leaves curling up to make a handle. Complete with a long-stalked, curved leaf ladle, 54s. 6d. A leaf shaped into a bowl, about 2 ins. deep, is ideal for salads, fruit or simply decoration, 28s. 6d. Both in a rich deep green and highly glazed. Druce, Baker Street, London, W.1

The free arm and bobbin set in a vertical position are the main features of this portable electric sewing machine, model 40/4 from Switzerland. It fits snugly into an attache-type case, complete with accessories and attachments : darner, hemmer, binder, ruffler, feller, braider and quilter. In cream, maroon or green, 49 gns. Civil Service Stores, Strand, London

From Sweden, six cylindrical glass tumblers and matching jug with pinched-in sides in place of a handle. In green, steel or straw colour, price approximately 42s., postage and packing 5s. extra. Heal's, Tottenham Court Road, London

★ ★

Two excellent Tempo push-top sprays—a spot remover and an air sanitizer—for easy action. Just spray for a few seconds, and the job is done. Available at departmental stores : spot remover, 4s. 9d. ; air sanitizer, 5s. 6d.

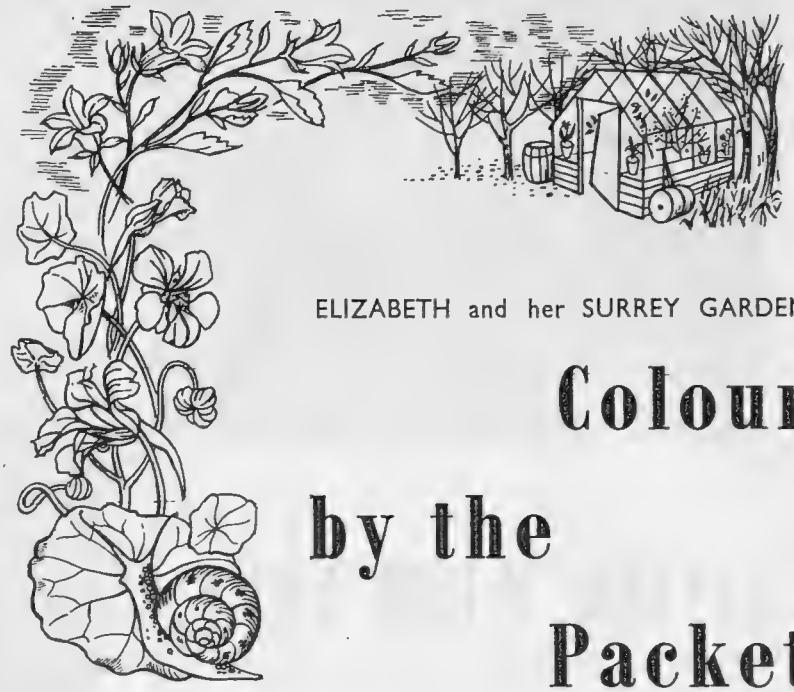
To avoid scoring and scratching polished floors, tables and other easily marked surfaces, nail or bolt Plansel plastic studs to the base of every conceivable piece of furniture. In four sizes from ½-in. to an inch. Prices 5d., 6d., 8d., 10d. per set of four.

But furniture and paintwork which has already suffered from scratches can be treated with Tipon, a paint touch-up applicator. It has a retractable brush, and looks like a fountain-pen. The flow of paint is regulated by the pressure on the brush, and a few strokes restores the original surface appearance. In white, black and all shades of brown, 4s. 9d. each.

You will never raise a dust with the Nenette mop, impregnated with Nenetol, which absorbs dust and polishes at the same time. It can be used effectively on all polished surfaces for six months before it needs washing and reimpregnating with Nenetol (4s. 6d. a tube). Price 27s. 3d. from John Lewis, Oxford St., London

★ ★

The Hurseal coal hod has a specially-shaped "lip" which controls the flow of fuel. The handle is designed to open the hod cover automatically and also protects the hands. In lightweight steel, enamelled bronze. Price 2 gns. from Hurseal Ltd., Regent Street, London, W.1



ELIZABETH and her SURREY GARDEN

Colour by the Packet

IF one may be permitted to amend the words of the Apocrypha, this article might have been entitled "Let us now praise annuals" famous or otherwise.

At this time of the year, most people are tempted to dream about the garden in a comfortable chair in front of the fire, rather than to work in the cold and damp outside. Seed catalogues can pass the time on a cold wet afternoon, or just on an afternoon when you feel disinclined to garden.

The catalogues are coming back to their pre-war glory, both in their contents and illustrations. Growing plants from seeds is generally not as tricky and uncertain as other forms of propagation. Seeds that are sown straight out in the garden are no trouble at all, although those raised in frames and greenhouses require a little more skill and care. A few packets of seeds are the easiest and cheapest method of filling your garden with colour during the summer months.

A display of glorious colour from a packet of little brown dried seeds is such a commonplace miracle that we often forget to recognize it as such, and are apt to take it for granted.

Next year try sowing a few varieties which you have not previously attempted. By all means repeat your successes of last year—I always grow a few of my favourites every year, such as the salmon godetia "Sybil Sherwood," eschscholtzia "Orange King," nasturtium "Golden Globe," and so on.

But, when looking through the catalogues, I like to choose some of the rather exciting sounding plants which may be new to us, and I never grudge an afternoon to this delightful occupation. The seed varieties set out in the local ironmongers are not usually the most original selection, and many new or untried varieties are missed.

If you have never seen the border of annuals at the Royal Horticultural Society's Gardens at Wisley, it is well worth going there in June and July. The possibilities of variety in display offered by these annuals is amazing. At Hurtmore we cannot afford the space to devote a border completely to annuals, but we use them freely in our herbaceous borders, where there is a gap after the bulbs have finished flowering, or in any other spot which may need filling.

Last summer the South African marigold "Guinea Gold," which starts flowering in July, was making as bright a show as the Michaelmas daises in October until the frost finished them off. They did not suffer from the drought, either. They stand 3 ft. high, and last well as cut-flowers. Even if deep orange yellow is not (*Continued on page 64*)

Illustrations by

JOAN MILROY

LIVING WITH YOUR CAR

The car lives in an open-fronted, centrally-heated "car port," the family in a luxury living-room (*top left*), with inbuilt TV and radiogram

If you are "car crazy" you will find ideas in this house, planned round a garage and home workshop. It is a Swedish notion

IT was simply no problem in the "tin lizzie" day. We had gardens large enough for a bus park. And it was only a matter of days before a little man could be found to knock up a garage for you out of a few shillings-worth of packing-cases and a spot of paint.

But now it is quite different. With an influx of post-war population, rampant town councils and the police hot on street parking, it is all very difficult.

Yes, this is a problem that all those clever architects will simply have to face up to here in England sooner or later. And the sooner the better. What to do with the family car?

In Sweden, architect Sven Staaf, a most erudite man, assisted by a couple of his colleagues, has already made a step forward, I think. At the H-55 exhibition at Halsinborg I saw the experimental house he calls "Living With a Car."

The house itself is planned for a young couple with a modest income who are "car crazy." Complete with a simplified garage in the very kernel of the house, where the husband can tinker in the evenings, it can be built for £2,000 over there.

The secret, of course, is the complete application of prefabricated standard elements with a flat ceiling. With a large living-room, three bedrooms (for when the family grows) and a storage room, it has adequate space for most families.

But it was the car consciousness that fascinated me most. For quite obviously the car has been treated as a member of the family with its own rights, own space, workshop, lighting and central-heating system.

An amusing feature of the garage—or perhaps it would be more apt to call it a "car port" as the Americans do—is a large tree trunk that seems to sprout up through the house. Wise planners had obviously left it on the site and built around it. Suspended heating, through two electric bar heaters, keeps the garage reasonably warm during a harsh northern winter and at least ensures that the engine will not freeze up.

Leading off to the right is the workshop—a monumental piece of planning. It is not only a workroom for the husband, but a place where the housewife can keep the washing machine and store her electric cleaner. It provides, in fact, all that extra space that most houses lack.

One wall is completely lined with cupboards for cleaning utensils. There are racks for hanging school coats and special drying pegs for wet shoes.

THE man's tool-bench, where he can work on things for the car, is a mechanic's dream, with overhead lighting and everything arranged for the least possible waste of space and energy. The floor is brilliantly tiled in orange and white and can be cleaned out with a quick hosing.

There is even a small bench for the housewife which she can use for arranging the flowers, cleaning the silver or potting bulbs. And a capacious (*Continued on page* 56)

motoring . . . . . by Gwen Robyns

The pudding may be the same but you can ring many changes with flavoursome dressings

COOKERY

by JANET DARBY

Sauce . . . adds interest

AS we all know, the smart woman is one who wears plain, well-cut clothes, and varies her constant appearance with carefully chosen accessories. Now, when it comes to puddings exactly the same rule applies. Choose your basic puddings with care and dress them up ; an easy way of acquiring a reputation for versatility as a cook.

So here are the recipes for two puddings ; a sponge which can be steamed or baked, and a suet pudding which should be steamed. Here also are the sauces which will transform them, and which will, I hope, help you to solve the problem of puddings for winter meals.

BASIC SPONGE PUDDING

6 ozs. flour ;
4 ozs. margarine ;
2 eggs ;
Pinch of salt ;
4 ozs. sugar ;
Half teaspoonful baking powder ;
Milk as required ;
Almond, lemon or vanilla essence.

Sift flour, baking powder and salt together. Cream margarine and sugar, beat in the eggs one at a time, beating well after each egg, then add the sifted flour mixture. Mix well, adding a little milk if the mixture is too stiff, and finally the two or three drops of essence, harmonising this with the sauce you are planning to use. Grease small moulds and bake as individual puddings for thirty minutes in a moderate oven, or steam them for 1½ hours. You can, of course, grease one large bowl and cook as a " family " pudding.

If you choose a very sweet sauce, it is advisable to adjust the amount of sugar required, according to taste, for the basic sponge pudding.

BASIC SUET PUDDING

3 ozs. flour ;
3 ozs. breadcrumbs ;
3 ozs. sugar ;
3 ozs. suet ;
1 egg ;
Half teaspoon baking powder ;
Pinch of salt ;
Milk.

Mix all the dry ingredients together, beat the egg well with three tablespoonfuls of (*Continued on page* 64)

Saucepan and gingham-patterned plate from Peter Jones

A Beauty who Painted Beauties

(*Continued from page 12*)

technique and never consciously posed. She was much influenced by Rubens and, indeed, so enchanted was she by this master's portrait of his second wife, Helena Fourment, in a straw hat, that she painted a self-portrait in similar style, a large straw hat throwing soft shadows about the face and bare neck. A copy of this portrait is in the National Gallery. The original is in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

To understand Elisabeth's art—and it is easy to underestimate her value as a painter—we must take pains to understand her time and the artist herself. Elisabeth lived for things beautiful. She was a pure artist and once she had found her style, her own form of expression, no outside events or experiences could influence her in any way.

When she writes from Vienna or London, or Moscow, about the ghastly happenings in Paris, we find her sympathetic, but not heart-broken. Most deeply she felt the disappointment over her daughter's mésalliance with a rather worthless young man, for Elisabeth adored her child. However, whether Madame Vigée-Lebrun suffered the discomfort of Eighteenth-Century travel in snow and ice, or the horrors of thieves in the night and damp lodgings, she continued to paint her portraits with the same charm and serenity as she had done in her comfortable Paris home among her fashionable friends.

Elisabeth Vigée married Monsieur Lebrun when she was but twenty years old. Monsieur Lebrun was of a riper age, but " well-built, and of pleasant appearance." He was the Vigées' landlord, by profession a picture dealer, by preference a gambler. Elisabeth was fascinated by his collection of paintings, which she studied and copied.

Alas, the young wife was soon disillusioned. Not only did Monsieur Lebrun, after a brief honeymoon, return to his old habits and secret pleasures, but he also regularly appropriated Elisabeth's earnings to meet increasing gambling debts. The couple soon drifted apart, it was without regret that Elisabeth fled Paris with her small daughter Louison at the outbreak of the revolution.

Elisabeth Vigée-Lebrun spent twelve long years of adventurous travelling in Europe, and her journeys took her as far east as Moscow and St. Petersburg.

On reading her memoirs, written in a naïve and amusing style, we can only marvel at the fortitude and perseverance with which the young woman crossed a continent, armed with only a brush and a palette, accompanied solely by her small daughter and an inexperienced maid. By now, however, she had become a famous personality, and the doors of society were always open to her, wherever she travelled. Her portraits were much admired and greatly in demand, and since she was a good conversationalist and a gifted musician and actress, she was invited to the most glittering soirées in Europe.

Her adventures on her travels were manifold. Her endurance was admirable. She contended with icy roads and rotten carriages, dilapidated houses in Moscow and robbers in Berlin. She was particularly unfortunate in her choice of living quarters, constantly she was haunted by either unpleasant neighbours or falling plaster and shaking doors.

She arrived in London on April 15, 1802, and her intention was to remain there for three months. She stayed for over three years.

Here again, society welcomed her with open arms. It was made possible for her to paint the Prince of Wales, whom she delighted utterly. He presented this portrait to the notorious Mrs. Fitzherbert, and he remained Elisabeth's friend throughout her stay. This friendship served her well, for when soon after Elisabeth's arrival in England the Treaty of Amiens was broken, and all Frenchmen who had fled to England were forced to return to their native land, the Prince of Wales intervened on Elisabeth's behalf and she was allowed to remain.

The English countryside delighted the artist, and she was impressed by the beauty of the great country houses. The English Sunday, however, depressed her enormously. There was nothing to do but to go for a " rout," a promenade. " Everything is closed," she complained. The English climate succeeded in making her even more unhappy. " I have to keep fires going all day," she writes, " to dry my pictures. This is indeed a great nuisance."

Despite all this she was happy, however, during her stay in England, and she returned to France after wanderings which lasted well over twelve years, in the year 1805. Now middle-aged and well-established as a fashionable painter, she was overwhelmed by the kindness of old friends, and soon received more commissions than ever before.

Elisabeth Vigée-Lebrun died in 1842, an old lady of eighty-seven. A true artist of the *Ancien Régime*, she was, without doubt, one of the most successful painters of her time and this was largely due to the fact that she, herself a beautiful and charming person, understood so well how to portray her sitters as beautiful and charming as they desired to see themselves. END.

Lipstick Guinea-pigs

(*Continued from page 11*)

Well, since those days, quite a number of " guinea-pigs," some of them very famous, have aided the Max Factor studios. Let me tell you a back-stage story.

When M.-G.-M. planned *The Forsyte Saga*, they wanted some very special lighting and camera effects, and I warned the studios that Greer Garson, Errol Flynn and Walter Pidgeon would need special make-up.

They did not believe me at first, so I went to work in my private research laboratory at the end of my garden, and built by hand a mock-up of the new studio lighting, to test the optical effect on the human skin. Almost at once I could see that the difficulty would not be in the make-up itself, but in the method of applying it.

As a result of the tests in my own home laboratory we devised a new way of applying make-up. At the time it was revolutionary, and we could not be sure how the application of the various shades would work out.

So some of my friends among the stars agreed to test the new cosmetic under conditions of trade secrecy. We used it for *The Forsyte Saga* . . . and then we put it on the market under the name by which it is now known, Pan-Stik. But it could never have materialized if it had not been first given these secret " guinea-pig " tests.

Why do we sometimes use real guinea-pigs ? Well it was in my father's time that one of the most brilliant chemists of the century, Dr. Karl Lansteiner, of Vienna, discovered that the skin of the guinea-pig is the near-perfect testing ground for certain chemicals used in cosmetics, as it is the nearest approach to human skin.

Until February 1934, when Dad brought the first six guinea-pigs to the studios, my brothers and I had always been the stooges for new tests. Today we have a section of the studio where hundreds of guinea-pigs live under ideal conditions in wired-off pens.

No Hollywood screen stars get better attention than our guinea-pigs. Their daily job is certainly not as exacting as that of the girl " guinea-pigs," and they seem to enjoy it. As their fur is heavy it is removed in a small area from the stomach with electric clippers so that the make-up may be applied to the bare skin.

Then perfumes, lipsticks, creams and many other new materials are spread on the little bare tummies, and allowed to remain for varying periods of time, all of which are carefully charted by the chemists.

These tests are scientific and painless. But I admit they are not so spectacular and glamorous in their impact on the laboratory staff as are those conducted with the human guinea-pigs, of whom our Miss Jane Grant is the senior.

Miss Grant is attractive and glamorous enough to be a screen-star in her own right, but she seems quite content to give her lovely features to scientists, chemists and make-up artists as a daily target.

What does Miss Grant's job entail ? Well in testing—for example—a new lipstick formula, the first step is for the laboratory to produce an assortment of shades. They are then applied to Miss Grant's lips and viewed by our chief chemist, Dr. Paul Jewel, who checks them against a spectroscopic chart for colour accuracy.

This simple test may be prolonged over several days, as colours of lipstick base " in the raw " are not the same as when applied in a thin film to the human skin, and moisture, warmth or cold may change them.

Hal King, my chief make-up artist, then takes Miss Grant in hand, and makes up top and lower lip with the matched, identical colours, but using some lipsticks moulded immediately, some made several weeks previously. Sometimes the colour presented by a lipstick in its test-tube stage will change considerably in only a few days, and of course that won't do.

Some of the other guinea-pig tests (hot drinks, salt water, smoking, and so on) are just routine, but it is uncomfortable work for the girls. The humidity of the laboratory is raised to 95 degrees, at around 104 degrees Fahrenheit. Then all the colour tests are made again under these extreme tropical conditions. Another group of girls go to a lagged room where a snow-storm is quickly conjured up by releasing high-pressure carbon dioxide from a steel cylinder.

In addition to all these scientific tests, or perhaps despite them, I still regard my wife as a very valuable beauty " guinea-pig." As Mrs. Factor is a blonde, she uses the light shades of lipstick for general wear, and of course colour tests with her may not apply for brunettes. But I do pay great attention to her personal reactions to different types and grades of cosmetics.

END.

The Hidden Face of Success

(*Continued from page 5*)

that lily of the valley root for you to take away, as it were.

More than twenty years ago, at a terribly dull dinner in Paris, I noticed one of the guests engaged in a rather queer business of turning and twisting a small linen napkin. He kept giving it all sorts of shapes and suddenly the man next to me said :

" Why, we had him out on a picnic the other day—and he turned all the paper napkins—into hats ! " What a joke and we both laughed at it.

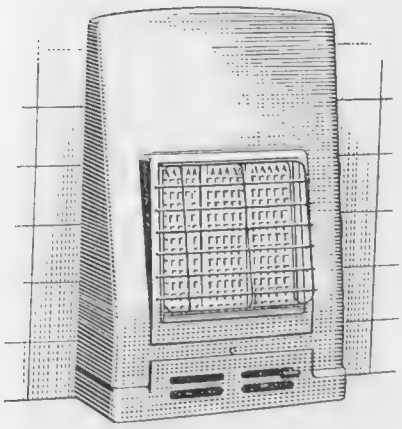
He was a very young man—engaged in twisting bits and pieces of paper. Nobody took it seriously. Today, it will make quite an inroad in your exchequer if you wished to have a hat " built " by him. What an unremarked, almost puerile beginning ! Did anyone believe there was anything in it at first ?

I may be wrong—but so far as I can see, it is often the least remarked, the humblest beginning that looks big with ultimate success, and I am thinking of success in its abiding and fruitful terms, not as a proverbial flash in the pan. For the world's best and greatest treasures were not produced in that way and no human personality develops on such lines.

So—in that hodden-grey mood of frustration and discouragement which comes to so many of us today, let us pause for a bit and reflect on the roots of lilies of the valley. They are a good example of unheralded worthwhileness.

END.

. . . not the least of our gratitude, this chilly evening, should be accorded to Mr. Therm and his technical staff, who have made possible the unfailing warmth and comfort of modern gas fires. My esteemed parents, who are sadly money-minded, say that a gas fire, whose warmth spreads into every corner of the room, is still economical to buy and run. It gives you warmth *when* you want it and *just as long* as you want it; it makes no work; and its radiant heat is healthy, just like the rays of the sun; in fact, what more can you want?"



There are some beautiful modern Gas fires in your local Gas Showrooms waiting for your inspection. See them before the cold really sets in.

GAS — to be sure

THE GAS INDUSTRY MAKES THE **BEST** USE OF THE NATION'S COAL *Issued by the Gas Council*

. . . Yes, full of woe—bad patch of the month, I'm afraid.

Surely it can't make all that difference?

Can't it! You don't know how I dread it every time. Same dreary old routine and the awful feeling that everybody can tell . . .

But that doesn't make sense—not nowadays. Do you mean to say you've never heard of Tampax?

Oh yes, I've heard of it, but somehow I never got round to trying it. It's—well—rather different, isn't it?

Yes, and thank goodness for that! It was invented by a doctor, you know—that's why it's so safe and efficient. But don't run away with the idea that Tampax is difficult to use. Honestly I was amazed how easy it was.

And is it comfortable?

It's wonderful—you really don't know you're wearing it. That's the best thing about Tampax. You don't have to start working out dates and all the rest of it—you just know you'll be all right.

Even for dances, you mean?

Of course! *And* tennis, *and* cycling! Just you try Tampax and see what a difference it makes.

Tampax is the safest, most modern and hygienic form of sanitary protection . . . because it's *worn internally*. You're gloriously free from clumsy pins or belts, and free from chafing too. You can buy an average month's supply of Tampax at chemists and drapers. There are two absorbencies—Regular (2/-) and Super (2/4). Tampax is also available in the new handy "Threes" at 8d. for Regular and 9d. for Super. If you'd like a sample (in plain wrapper) just send name, address and 5d. in loose stamps to The Nurse, Dept. G.5., Tampax Ltd., Belvue Road, Northolt, Greenford, Middlesex.

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The Latest Beauty Fashion Hint:

Beauty editors everywhere recommend toilet soap and water as a wonderful treatment for most skins. These experts know that it frees the pores of all impurities if the soft lather is massaged well into the skin, and then washed away with cool water—but the soap must be mild, bland and superfatted. The ideal soap is cold cream soap, creamy in colour and in texture—Cussons make a really good cold cream beauty soap, and one 1/3d. tablet will last quite long enough for you to see the improvement in your skin, if the lather massage routine is followed regularly and faithfully morning and evening.

Room Of My Dreams

(*Continued from page 8*)

I went home dazed with happiness. At last I had found someone to be faithful to for ever and ever.

We met again, as I prayed we should, among the second-hand books and the ladders and the far-off sounds of traffic. But although Edvard had said he would see me when he came down (provided I suppose that he passed his examination and went up) he did not suggest any planned meeting until he told me that he was going "op" next week.

Then, at last, the splendid moment happened. "I will wait for you at the bookshop tomorrow afternoon." To me those words were a proof of love, an acceptance of fatality. We were obviously meant for each other, Edvard and I.

"We will go to an hotel," he said grandly. "I know a very nice hotel. I know London very well."

And that is how we came to our room, the room which still belongs to us, the room which I shall always remember. We shut ourselves away from the sunlight and the April air in that narrow stuffy room and it was there that I knew, really knew, what love was. All the mysteriously wonderful phrases which I had read were suddenly clear to me. After that, if ever the words "love" and "spring" came together in a poem, that was almost too sad and too secret to bear.

For what love had ever existed to equal ours, Edvard's and mine? And what more perfect month than April? From that time April and love were indivisable, almost interchangeable.

YES, our special room where, for the first time, I realized what love is, still exists. It still looks more or less as it did. This miracle did not gild the walls with the sovereign richness of the setting sun, or transform the ceiling to an April sky. But I am sure that some of that warmth of feeling, that urgent dedication of youth, is still there. We can't have felt so deeply for nothing to remain.

Edvard led me to this room which will for ever be set apart from all others. At first we just sat—and then I experienced the reason for life itself. All knowledge was mine.

Edvard held my hand.

You'll need imagination to know what that meant. There aren't words splendid enough.

"This place is very good." Edvard confided. "They never expect you to order anything."

How fervently I agreed. All I wanted to do was to sit for ever and ever with my hand in Edvard's hand.

Of course it wasn't exactly private because people kept on walking backwards and forwards. It was a kind of anteroom for those whose escorts had forgotten them, or had arrived too early, or on the wrong day. No one bothered about us. There we sat, silent, thoughtful, pale with emotion.

I knew that I was grown-up. I was a woman with a secret. I understood about life and love. No need to wonder further, no need to yearn : the unforgettable question was answered.

I never saw Edvard again. Doesn't that wring your heart? No, never never again. Now I come to think of it, it wasn't so very surprising. For when Edvard asked me where I lived I must have mumbled and he thought I said Kensington, when what I actually said was Islington.

"Ken-sing-ton," Edvard repeated carefully as he wrote it down. He sounded quite satisfied. It was obviously suitable. "Kensing-ton is very pleasant. I know Ken-sington very well." Edvard's approval was wholehearted.

I could not disappoint him and besides I did not want to make myself less desirable in his eyes. "Seven Shelley Avenue," I said firmly, and I crossed my fingers. (Seven was my lucky number.)

"That is West Eight. No?" He asked triumphantly

Glowingly I agreed and we parted with the strange intoxication of our magical hour

when we had sat hand-in-hand, shining in our faces, lightening our footsteps, scenting the late afternoon air.

Even then I knew it was better so; a final parting, without any calling back.

The perfection of the afternoon was assured. No need to worry whether Edvard really *would* write, for if he wrote I should never receive the letter—and if he did not I should never know.

If you're in Piccadilly one afternoon (any afternoon will do, but may I suggest April?) and you find the hotel, large and imposing, and not looking, perhaps, quite the sort of place for enchantment, go through the swing doors, past the reception desk and across the foyer. And there'll you'll find a kind of passage with a couple of cane-backed settees, one or two stiff little chairs and a few small rosewood tables with spindly legs. Not exactly a comfortable setting for romance, but don't be discouraged. Just sit down for a minute and wish very hard and try to "feel" yourself me—and you'll see.

END

I'll Take An Ocean Liner

(*Continued from page 28*)

glass covered promenades, and enjoy the warmth of filtered sunshine; cross the Equator, and air conditioned lounges, ranging from old world Tudor, through Regency, to the latest contemporary decoration, are cool and inviting. If the sea is a little choppy now and then, what does it matter when the boat is fitted with the latest anti-roll device?

In some ways, it wouldn't really matter if you never set foot on land again; and there is certainly more to be seen from the deck of a pleasure cruise than you might at first suspect. Watch, for example, the shoals of craft nosing their way excitedly towards you, when you drop anchor; listen to their occupants—the salesmen, the divers, the entertainers—as they clamour for attention; help to manipulate the pulley systems of rope and basket, and examine the fruit, the leatherwork, and the garlands of flowers. By evening, when folk dancers and the local songsters are invited on board, you will have a reasonable thumb-sketch of a country and its people. With topical fancy-dress parties and gala nights to follow, they are also a challenge to your powers of observation, and your ingenuity.

You *will* go ashore, and in the easiest, most leisurely way possible. No luggage, no customs. Just a handbag, a sun hat, and your own private launch. . . . Once there (and what a thrill it is to set foot on land again), you can see just what you like, when you like, and how you like.

Come to think of it cruising is a flexible term. Always supposing you like this sort of thing, you can still go round the world on thirty sails, or chug your way across the Atlantic in an amphibious jeep. If you prefer comfort and variety there is a "Triangular" tour (you sail out, and fly back), and a "Pot Luck" cruise, on a cargo vessel, subject, one gathers, to the whims of boat, captain, and the elements at large.

Not all cruise programmes are yet finalized at the time of going to press with this issue. The following are some of the important steamship lines who organize cruises, or long sea voyages: Orient Line, 26 Cockspur St., London, S.W.1.; Bergen Steamship Co., 21 Cockspur St., London, S.W.1.; Shaw Savill Line, 11a Lower Regent St., London, S.W.1.; Union Castle Mail Steamship Co., Ltd., 3 Fenchurch St., E.C.4.; Clipper Line and Netherlands Line (General Agents: D. H. Drakeford Ltd., 60 Haymarket, S.W.1.); P. & O., 14/16 Cockspur St., London, S.W.1. (Boomerang Trips); Cunard, 15 Lower Regent St., London, S.W.1. (Bermuda, Jamaica and the Bahamas); Oceanways Ltd., 23 Haymarket, S.W.1. (Independent Travel and Escorted Tours). Italian General Shipping Ltd., 35 St. James's St., S.W.1. (Italy to Egypt). For up-to-date programmes of cruises and general cruise information, Sir Henry Lunn Ltd., 172 New Bond St., W.1., is a useful source.

END

Cat Among The Pigeons

(*Continued from page 27*)

for a modest sum?" he inquired smoothly. "Say fifty lire?"

"Why—yes. Yes, certainly I would."

"Then in that case—I really am ashamed to accept your money, but—take a look behind you."

Cesaro whirled round, just in time to witness a curious sight. The stream in question was a trifling affair even in winter, and was already beginning to dwindle, but there remained some two metres width of water to amble through Cesaro's land before splashing down to meet the Torrentino. It was perhaps deep enough to cover a man's shoes. Into this trickle Ovideo was dabbling a tentative paw.

"He has seen a fish," said Cesaro scornfully. "Either that, or he has caught sight of his own reflection. But he will not go in after it. Make it a hundred lire."

"Done," said Domenico.

Ovideo sat back on his haunches, scratched himself absent-mindedly, and caught a dragon-fly between his front paws. This latter feat caused him some amazement, and he sat thinking about it for quite a long time. Finally he heaved himself up to plod resolutely across the stream, just as Domenico was beginning to think that he might as well have thrown his money into it.

Cesaro paid up with a bad grace and the comment that the performance was typical of a beast which certainly did not conform to any known pattern. It was also the kind of bad luck which he might have expected as the climax to a week in which he had unaccountably lost three of his best birds.

Cesaro had lately taken to keeping pigeons. His were no ordinary birds. He scorned the common dove-cote breed, preferring the elegant sophistication of fan-tails, pouters, and the crested varieties. The loss of three of these exotic creatures in a week was a bitter blow.

He was lamenting their untimely end to his cronies at the village inn that evening, while Domenico in another corner was extolling the virtues of the cat whose versatility had earned the money which was paying for the drinks of an admiring audience. Each speaker had it all his own way, until a wizened old man hovering half way between the two camps suddenly drew attention to himself by advancing the theory that the incidents were not without a connecting link.

"The thing is really quite simple," he said. "Here we have an animal braving an uncongenial element on the other side of which are known to be pigeons, his natural prey. Some of those pigeons are missing. On the basis that two and two cannot produce anything but four, it would appear that our problem is even more simple than the question of why a chicken crosses the road."

THE silence which followed this pronouncement would have served to float a boat. Domenico was the first to toss in a remark.

"Do I understand, Silvestro, that you are accusing my cat of pigeon-slaying?"

Silvestro shrugged his shoulders. "I accuse nobody," he said. "The facts speak for themselves, except to those unwilling to listen."

Cesaro pounded the table. "You are right," he roared, the memory of his recent discomfiture still rankling. "Fool that I was not to think of it! I will have compensation."

"Try to get it!" shouted Domenico, white with passion. "Ovideo catch a pigeon! It is as much as he can do to drag himself around these days."

"That is not surprising," murmured Beniamino the potter. "The life he leads. . . ."

"Pigeons are slow off the mark," said Cesaro bitterly. "An easy prey to a cunning brute."

"Am I to endure this?" Domenico asked, looking to his own table for support. Apparently he was; the glasses being empty and his money exhausted, there was very little backing to be had. It was a regettable fact that his cat had never succeeded in winning the affection of more than the minority. He left the inn shortly afterwards, sensing a hostile atmosphere.

It must be said that he had been quite right in his suggestion that the levelling of this charge against his old friend smacked more of flattery than of slander. Ovideo had indeed essayed the pigeons under the provocation of their strutting insolence but, finding them too brisk for him, he had been compelled to own that in this one instance desire had outlived performance.

The real reason for his regular journeys across the stream was something quite different, namely the high regard which he had lately entertained for Tabitha, the little lady who had come all the way from Syracuse to fill his place when his master had thought him lost. Ovideo had tolerated the marmalade kitten until she began to insist on the feminine prerogative of priority at the communal bowl. Friction then developed, so that Domenico deemed it prudent to pass her on to Silvestro who was at that time seriously inconvenienced by mice.

Thus for a space of time she strayed out of Ovideo's life, but latterly her early promise had been fulfilled in a mature charm to which he could not remain wholly insensible.

DOMENICO was however quite ignorant of the affair, and as soon as calmness prevailed he was forced to admit that his anger at Silvestro's accusation owned to a defensive quality inspired by the reflection that there might be something in it. He determined to keep a close watch on his cat, with the result that a few days later he trailed the animal across the stream until he reached Cesaro's cottage. The owner was standing in the doorway shaking his fist, but Ovideo ignored him and pressed on towards Silvestro's land.

"There you are, you see," Domenico exclaimed triumphantly. "He doesn't give a fig for you or your pigeons. Now I will find out just where he does spend his time."

"I will come with you," said Cesaro.

Ovideo made a straight line for Silvestro's barn. He was about to enter it, when he lifted his great nose to sniff the air keenly. Whatever had reached him, it was sufficiently potent to divert him from the enticements of the barn. He crossed over to the cottage itself. The two men exchanged glances.

"I must fetch him out," said Domenico, "otherwise Silvestro may handle him roughly."

As he tiptoed inside, his nostrils were immediately assailed by the aroma which his cat had found so irresistible. At the same time he caught sight of a small heap of feathers in one corner of the kitchen. The savoury smell was now identified beyond any doubt. Excitedly he called his neighbour in and whispered to him.

"I believe you are right," said Cesaro. "What shall we do?"

"We will go in."

They opened the door of the inner room, to catch Silvestro and his wife with their heads well down to generous helpings of pigeon pie.

There are situations in which a single hasty word will begin the throwing of furniture. It speaks volumes for the restraint of Cesaro and Domenico in the presence of a lady that such a word was never spoken. Instead:

"I came to fetch my cat," said Domenico. "You will forgive my anxiety. There are those about who wish him harm."

"Is it possible?" Silvestro murmured.

"There are things even more unbelievable," said Cesaro. "I will see you at the inn tonight to discuss them."

"I will be there," said Silvestro unhappily.

Back at Cesaro's cottage there was a touching reconciliation over a fruity Marsala. The party became so convivial that a squawking noise outside passed unnoticed. Domenico was at peace with the world when he left.

A black shadow crossed the stream in front of him. "Hello there, old friend," he called. "You will be glad to know that your name has been cleared once and for all."

Ovideo was unable at that moment to answer. His mouth was too full of feathers.

END

How Much Exercise In Winter

(*Continued from page 47*

exercise and recreation as a form of curative therapy. So far as the public is concerned, emphasis has shifted away from this cultivation of Beauty and Grace through sport into two distinct channels; a smaller body of those who play well and are ever desirous of playing better, urged on by the will to conquer, and a larger body of those who are merely content to watch.

Between them exists a sizeable intermediate class getting the worst of two possible worlds. What those not solely dedicated to a sport forget is that in order to benefit from any form of outdoor sport, a foundation of regular daily exercise is essential, which need be no more ambitious than a few "deep-breathers" and eurythmic jerks or a daily brisk walk. But it must be *regular* and it must be undertaken in the open or at any rate in a well-ventilated room. All the various groups of muscles should be systematically and harmoniously exercised. Once the muscular system stiffens, we grow old. Once it sets we *are* old and show our age. That is why so many high-pressure Americans try to keep fit by taking sugar-coated exercise pills. In New York large groups of middle-aged men and women can be found any day of the week endeavouring to combat increasing toxins and stiffness, summed up in the phase "stress of life," by taking classes of calisthenic exercises, exercises to music, under expert guidance.

Clad only in the simplest of garments, preferably a bathing suit—the middle-aged New Yorker enters a large studio free of encumbrances—just an unfurnished room with a large strip of mattress lying down the centre. The exercises are designed to bring into play every muscle of the body in progressive development from the toes to the crown of the head. Only the essential muscles are spurred to action, the others must be as loose as jelly.

Some might prefer to get their fundamental exercise or basic training for nothing or next to nothing by means of the daily walk or by swimming (for the younger person) or even at the dance.

Sport falls into two categories: a larger group of asymmetrical exercises, mostly the quick-moving variety and a smaller group of symmetrical ones, those which are slow-moving, such as swimming, walking, dancing, croquet, bowls and skittles among others, and it is from this group the individual embarking upon basic training, must make his choice.

Neglect this everyday basic training at your cost. Sooner or later, as age advances, one or more of the consequences of defective secretion and a too-sluggish metabolism is sure to take its toll, ranging from comparatively trivial disturbances such as colds and chilblains to more serious complaints such as fibrositis and rheumatic disorders or gallstones, to say nothing of the loss of your looks and of your figure . . . dreaded adiposity! . Suppose you are sensible and want me to tell you which exercise I recommend. I am often asked what is the *best* winter exercise, and really I cannot tell you. The truth is that there is no best exercise. One man's meat is another's poison; there is only a best exercise for you, for me. Exercise must naturally be conditioned by age and fitness. No special problems exist for youth as the potential is wide. After middle-age choice becomes limited, and many of the quick-moving games, if not all, must be counted out.

Gardening and walking are safe for everybody, even if not particularly stimulating for certain temperaments.

In my list, tennis and golf can only be included with reservations, and cycling not at all. Cycling is properly a younger person's exercise. It is often hard going.

My reservations for the middle-aged mean this, that these exercises should not be indulged in unless the doctor has run the rule over you and approves.

Now, bowls is a game which I can recommend without any reservations. Except for the high-pressure competitive events, it is a gentle rhythmical game, bringing almost every muscle of the body into play. There are no sudden or undue stresses, as there may be in golf or tennis, to tax the system. It is suitable for everybody, young and old of both sexes, the hale and the delicate, as it can be played in quick or slow motion as desired.

More and more women are, indeed, taking up this health-giving and agreeable game.

There are few better exercises for the abdominal organs and muscles than bowls. The expanding waist-line with its insidiously crippling effects on the liver and the digestive processes, the circulation system and even on the heart itself is a matter that requires still more urgent consideration after a more active summer has closed down, and bowls *can* be played in the winter on indoor rinks, you know.

In whatever direction your inclination lies, be it on the back of a horse or to a badminton court, or a skittle alley (quite a good winter's game by the way), or to a dance floor, as a form of basic training, do be quite sure firstly that it is suited to your age and physique and secondly that, once chosen, you keep consistently (yet moderately) at it.

END

Venus's Workshop

(*Continued from page 9*)

Even in 1956 the dressing-table has yet to be restored to its former splendour and importance.

And how great that splendour once was! Even where purses would not run to complete services, individual brushes, combs, glass, boxes, pots, and *necessaire* of gold or silver, gilt-enriched agate, tortoiseshell, mother of pearl, or even flowery enamel from Battersea or Bilstone came to the rescue.

The most fantastical fittings for the dressing-table went to the oriental markets of Turkey and China.

In the Forbidden City of Peking, I came across, before the war, elaborately chased ormolu hand-mirrors with true-lovers' knots carried out in coloured paste; little agate and gilt caskets, filled with delicate depilatory instruments in gold, and enhanced with paste stars that whirled and flashed by clockwork at the push of a small brilliant; a pair of gilt dressing-table glasses with drawers below exquisitely faced in enamel, one containing a complete equipment for a lady's make-up by Eighteenth-Century standards, the adjacent drawer holding a musical mechanism to while away the tedium of a hair-dressing or a face-massage.

Similar conceits graced the dressing-tables of European empresses and queens. These are indeed rarities, and when found they are beyond price. But scattered among the collections and the antique shops of Western Europe are still a host of jewelled or enamelled boxes, crystal phials and bottles, gold-enlaced, besides entire travelling-cases that are fitted with all sorts of objects for the toilet, designed by the finest goldsmiths of the day.

The Houbigant Paris collection of antiques, assembled after a persevering search covering many years and shown for the first time recently to the public, consists of a remarkable selection of almost three hundred precious objects: bottles, kits, beauty patch boxes, pomade jars, powder bellows, etc.

These true jewels, of gold, enamel, lacquer, mother of pearl, crystal and agate, are practically all the works of the most famous goldsmiths of the period: they bear the stamps of J. B. Bessenet (1753) Eloi Brichard (1753) Fouache (1774), Prévost (1777), J. B. Chéret (1777), Clavel (1780), etc.

Today, the whole paraphernalia of a pretty woman's toilet is consigned, as like as not, to her bathroom. There, upon hygienic glass shelves, stand the rows of pale pink pots upon which so much depends. Yet when they are emptied, they are tossed into the dustbin along with jam-jars, egg-shells, the empty carton of breakfast food. The plastic combs, the little cardboard boxes where the eye-shadow glowers, lie normally in the decent obscurity of a drawer; near the dressing-table stands a portable radio instead of an Italian tenor.

Why, in this century which offers so much for women can she not recapture some of the glory and the power she possessed two hundred years ago—not by the vote or equal pay, but by her beauty, her elegance, and her femininity. Certainly the possibilities for her to be beautiful have never been greater. But her beauty can never really be at ease unless set against a background of elegance: truly feminine elegance. The functional style in decoration—that evasion of fine craftsmanship and the subtle curve can never become Woman. Even if economics will no longer allow her to order from the goldsmith such treasures as surrounded her Eighteenth-Century ancestress, there is no reason why in the hands of great designers, modern materials should not lose their present sorry air and become worthy of the beauties they serve.

END

Living With Your Car

(*Continued from page 50*)

cupboard for storing away winter and summer clothes when not in use.

Inside, by English standards, the rooms might well be described as bare. But this, after all, is purely an exhibition house and lacks "live" details. The television screen and radiogram, fitted into a black and white bookshelf fitment, is the neatest thing that I have seen.

Across the other side of the world in Dallas, Texas, American architects are faced with the problem of the car shopper. This is a very real urgency as they have found that stores with a car park are winning over the housewives who dislike carrying parcels and want to speed up the whole business.

The Neiman-Marcus store built four years ago, still ranks as one of the best planned stores in the world. And in Texas, where practically everyone owns a car, the car park was first consideration. In this store it runs along the entire front of the low narrow building and simply couldn't be handier. The store is also designed to include an enormous parking space at the back to cope with the overflow from the front. The use of glass and space and wide entrances has made these parks seem almost part of the scheme and even attractive on the eye.

Though not possible in the larger cities it is an idea that the new towns might well remember.

Thinking of next year's holiday? All through the winter months when my bones rattle with cold I bolster myself up with thoughts of that yearly flip across to the Continent.

It isn't that the food is much better, because it is pretty good here right now, but the change of atmosphere is very good for the Robyns morale.

Like dozens of other motorists I've got the fly-there habit when it comes to getting my car across the Channel. It is quicker by far, and saves you half a day by the time you've fuddled around at the ports on the sea crossing. And, frankly, in the long run I almost think it is cheaper.

Since Air Charter Ltd. opened its now famous Channel Air Bridge last April, in the first eight months they carried 15,000 motor cars over. By early spring the company expects that its Southend-Ostend service will have expanded to ten flights a day. This brings London and Brussels by car into the four-hour range with comfortable driving on unrestricted dual carriageways.

Even Ali's magic carpet looks old fashioned these days!

END

The Silk Merchant

(*Continued from page 15*)

still a comparatively young man when, with four strong sons, he started his own silk shop in the middle of a city which, like him, was growing in wealth and importance. Here the very pick of his trade was sold and travellers from many countries, hearing of his reputation, came to him for their purchases.

Silks flowered on either hand as in a garden. He never believed in stacking them on shelves but arranged them to display their beauty; the heavy ones flowing silkily downwards over the backs of carved chairs, those stiff with embroideries and gold and silver threads—the brocades—standing upright in dignity against a table or footstool; then the shimmering ones and the gossamer ones in foamy heaps on divans, and others, like rainbows, spilling on to his thick carpet. Mirrors doubled and trebled their loveliness.

His daughter was born when he was wealthy and renowned. She was his second and only other love. From a child she was trained in the arts of a Chinese lady. No foetid breath of the *sampan* days touched her rich and sheltered life. She learnt to blend teas with rose petals and jasmine flowers, lily-pods and herbs, to paint on china, silk and wood and to play the *c'hen* and sing. Her beauty was exquisite and fragile, with long almond-shaped eyes, hair with a blue sheen in its black and a skin that was as silk itself.

He had never known gaiety, but her light-heartedness caught at his heart as she tripped about the garden, feeding her goldfish or the swans in the lake, or seated under a flowering cherry-tree singing to the birds while the music of the *c'hen* went rippling over the garden.

Only with her was he weak, though at other times strong; and both his weakness and his strength were not of the usual, everyday things.

Now young girls strode with the bold stride of men, aping their ways, with skirts slit on one side, brazenly to the knee. They conversed on equal terms with men, looking into the faces of those other than husbands and relatives. Whereas before they had been, as it were, the handmaidens to men, hobbling on their small feet.

In the matter of the feet-binding he was weak. Perhaps because the women of his childhood had been on their feet all the time that they were not sleeping and eating, or because he was not used to the rigid ways of the wealthy, but he could not bear the wailing of his infant daughter after her first feet-binding. Angrily, and to the consternation of the others, he had ordered that the bandages be removed. They told him that his daughter would be left in his home and never married, that with ungainly feet, beauty and money would be as naught..

He compromised : at some later date, when the babe was stronger, when he—incredible fact—could accustom himself to it. Familiar with all kinds of brutality, he yet recoiled from this time-honoured custom being imposed on his daughter.

There were more attempts at feet-binding, but he frustrated them all, so that his daughter attained womanhood with feet smaller than the normal, but not incapacitated. In other ways she was correct: with her own serving-woman, long, pointed finger-nails worn with nail-protectors, and she was dressed in his finest silks.

He indulged her every wish, and because she understood silk as he did and begged to be allowed to help him, he permitted her to come into his shop when she pleased and to sort his new silks.

THE captain of a trader from far-away Northern Europe came to him to purchase silk. He was a gold-bearded giant with laughing blue eyes and a ready purse, a man virile and handsome, as Westerners judge these. He paid for his silks and ordered them to be delivered to his ship, lying at anchor in the river. A few days later he made another purchase and then again, another.

At the same time the mother of a rich widower of the class for which his daughter had been reared though not born, hearing of her beauty, asked him on behalf of her son for his daughter's hand in marriage.

It was the kind of marriage he had dreamed of for her, though not the special kind. A young unmarried man of the same class would have pleased him better. But such an offer might not be forthcoming —there were his daughter's feet to be taken into consideration (due to his own weakness) and her humble birth. He arranged a handsome dowry with the mother and told his daughter that she was to be married into a noble family at the second moon.

His daughter made no comment. Wrapped around in her music and the serenity of her garden she smiled, half sadly, and said not a word. And if as the days passed she appeared more and more withdrawn, he thought she day-dreamed, in the way of maidens, of her own home and the wedding palanquin and the red wedding-petticoat.

It was her future mother-in-law who sent him word through a serving-woman to keep a closer watch on his daughter, for she had no intention that her son should link his noble name with a girl whose honour was in doubt.

Blind with rage, he could have strangled the serving-woman who confessed that she had heard through servants' gossip and informed her mistress that his daughter had secret meetings with a foreign man.

"You shall not leave this house," he told her, "until you have begged for my daughter's pardon on your knees. Then you shall return to your mistress to be whipped for your lies."

The woman stood her ground. "Honourable Sir, I shall deserve this and more if I have spoken in error or in haste. But it was my duty to inform my mistress of what all your household, except you, know. Your daughter is so loved that they have hidden their knowledge, whereas I love only the honour of the noble house in which I serve. Keep me a prisoner here and tell none of my errand, then watch, concealed in your garden, at moon rise. Afterwards do with me what you will. . . ."

His daughter said the same thing, staring at him, moon-washed, in the garden. "Do with me what you will. Death will be preferable to

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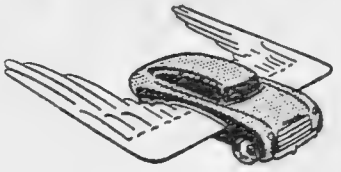

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The Silk Merchant

marriage with one man when I have given my heart to another. . . ."

The old man drew slowly at his opium pipe, while the sunset faded, and the river-mist rose, partially hiding the Junk Wharf.

Long ago a trader had been captained by a golden-haired giant, whose blue eyes laughed as he made his silk purchases, resting often and with longing on the beautiful Chinese girl sorting silks behind a screen. While her father had remained ignorant and blind.

The old man nodded over his pipe.

He was again in that garden at moonrise, and the birds—for there were many birds then in the smaller city—had wearied of their song and were calling softly one to the other. Her *c'hen* lay on the grass beneath a tree, and the shadowy flowers were fragrant under the high, enclosing wall.

But what was a wall to a sailor? In a bound the man was over, standing deep in shadow, and there the petted daughter of the city's famous silk merchant, joined him.

So he had come upon them, locked in each other's arms.

Within his robe he carried the dagger, dipped in poison, which meant a sharp and instantaneous death; and he had intended to kill them both, as they stood, pinning them together in a death-embrace.

Like the feet-binding, it was what tradition and the honour of one's forefathers demanded. But his forefathers were *sampan* dwellers, and even had they not been so, he felt that still his hand would have been stayed. He was weak in this, as in the feet-binding, for he understood love and could not wantonly have destroyed his silks, much less his daughter.

So when she turned with a cry and faced him, blanched with moonlight and fear (for unlike the man, she knew what her fate should be), his hand came away from the dagger in his robe and he said: "I cannot kill you, my daughter."

She fell at his feet and told him brokenly of her love, while the man stood by and caressed her head.

His ancestors would have cursed him for what he did. But perchance, after their own hard lives of toil and deprivation they were too tired, as ghosts, to care; or else the situation was one which *sampan* dwellers had never been called to face. No feelings of wrath and smirched honour came to him, only gentleness and the determination to help.

If he was weak in this, in the renunciation of his daughter he was strong. For he knew that if he should give her to this outsider it must be forever.

Therefore all must be secret and quick, so that the truth should never be known and it might be thought that he had slain his daughter with the foreigner who had dared to show her love. But first he must make sure on one point.

The man spoke halting English, matching his, and he made him swear that he would never forsake the girl and would marry her honourably, according to the custom of his country, before his ship sailed from the port.

This the man did.

At some time, all have to trust either utterly or not at all. With silk his instinct had never failed him. He let it lead him now, blindly perhaps, for he knew little of foreigners. But his daughter had chosen, and the sailor's eyes were true.

He sent the man back to his ship, and later himself rowed out a consignment of silken bales, among which lay a warm, living bale concealed in wrappings like the others, but with long slits for breathing-space. This he delivered with care and tenderness into the hands of the trader's captain, while the other bales were lowered into the hold.

* * *

They thought he had disposed of his daughter in the muddy waters of the Wangpoo. He let the rumour circulate that the river had taken her; and all approved and none questioned, thinking he had done the honourable thing.

The river did take her, bearing her away with the man of her choice, and through the years it brought back not a whisper.

END

NEXT MONTH

in our **FEBRUARY** *issue*

Food and Wine

A special section in the February issue is devoted to food and wine with pictures in colour, showing a Valentine cake as pretty to look at as it is good to eat, as well as some original dishes to make with cheese. Look out also for the mouth-watering snack dishes that fill such an important part in the good cook's repertoire.

Colour in Spring Decor

Picture a sitting-room with lemon-yellow chair covers against a cerulean blue wall, or the wonderful effect of bright delphinium blue opposing jade green. This and other original suggestions for colour schemes are in next month's feature on using colour in your spring decoration schemes.

Our Vogue Pattern Service brings you, among others, a design for a three-way outfit to carry you through the spring to early summer. The dress with one of the jackets is seen above.

Planning a Garden

Do you have a long narrow garden, a shorter wider plot, or even an irregular "quarter acre"? Any of these need an imaginative lay-out to produce a pleasing landscape effect that also takes account of protection from the climate as well as from the neighbours. Three such plans by a landscape gardener are in next month's issue with all the whys and wherefores explained by the designer.

And, of course, stories, features, and two special knit-while-you-view jumpers.

on sale January 27th

Learn To Arrange Flowers

(*Continued from page* 31)

with these are hard to come by and mostly out of print, but they can be found if you are prepared to wait until your bookseller can locate them. There is one most helpful little booklet obtainable, priced at 6s. 6d. written by Stella Coe, who is famous on both sides of the Atlantic for her teaching and interpretation of the Sogetsu Ryu Japanese Floral Art. This modern style of Japanese flower art uses little material, as opposed to the more massed compositions of the West, relying on strong springing curves and a bold outline. There is no need for exotic and expensive blooms, in fact I have made a most satisfying arrangement using pine boughs and just three chrysanthemums, and a single branch of flowering cherry placed in a flat brown dish brought the beautiful look of spring to my room. The Japanese style of arranging looks well in rooms with plain or panelled walls, and fits in equally well with the clean functional lines of modern décor.

The little garden patch, hedges, fields and woodland all provide ordinary materials that can be used in new and interesting ways, for one of the joys of this hobby is that you become an artist, creating ideas and expressing ideals using nature's own materials. So don't be afraid to start, go ahead and find out for yourself just how absorbing and fascinating the exciting pastime of flower arranging can be.

(If you have any difficulties or queries on this subject, please write to me, c/o "Britannia and Eve," 195 Strand, London, W.C.2., and I will do my best to help.)

Is It Really A Woman's Country

(*Continued from page* 37)

the kitchen in every American home I entered, and proudly shown the menagerie of beautiful machines—the way we in England would show our guest round our rose garden or take her into the drawing-room to display a rare piece of Worcester china.

Vivid in my mind is the remote Massachusetts cottage where a cultured elderly couple lived in retirement, and where I was proudly shown their clothes-drying machine (it didn't wash, it just dried the clothes—there was a different machine to wash them). Now this machine was not like other drying-machines. It was twice as big, boasted scarlet handles, and when it had finished the job played a little tune automatically, to announce the glad tidings.

Of course the elderly couple spent all their time in their kitchen delightedly playing their machine.

I have noticed American children, in the intervals of dating and being dated, playing television, too. What they preferred to do was to switch stations constantly, rather than look in at any one. It was the dynamics of the changing that entertained them, not the programmes.

I found the New England countryside hauntingly beautiful—miles of uncluttered austere woodland, dry and as beautifully bare as a Paul Nash landscape. It was the end of winter, but the fuzzy, mossy wet green look of England at all times of the year was strikingly absent. The old white-painted clap-board village churches are truly lovely. I found indeed most old and new American architecture good, sincere and refreshingly simple and unornate. And one kind of very good life indeed must be to have a really modern American house built in the depths of the wildest of American woods. And, not surprisingly, this is precisely what so very English and traditionally English an artist as the wood-engraver Clare Leighton has done.

I stayed with her in her glass studio, built on a slope right in the middle of a virgin Connecticut forest. Brilliantly coloured huge birds, jays amongst them as big as chickens flaunting staring blue and white plumage—an entire Audubon aviary—flew about inside and outside the studio, sang, pecked, mated, laid and hatched their eggs and brought up their nestlings, completely unafraid of human proximity. In rain the view was staggering. It felt like being inside the storm-clouds. No

wonder she has become bewitched by the beauty and solitude and settled there. What artist wouldn't?

We agreed that the skyscrapers of New York are fabulously lovely.

But why don't the American artists paint them? So much of the American scene, both the variety and volatility of the many peoples there, and the tremendous range of landscapes and city-scapes, you would rightly think an artist's paradise. But no. All the artists I met were engrossed rather sadly in painting abstractions, and moreover the kind of abstractions that we think *démodé* here, having worked right through them and come out at the other end years ago.

I can't understand this time-lag. But so it is also with trade unions and psycho-analysis and the over-protuberant female bosom, all of which, out of date though we often are here in England, we no longer find so very new and disturbing as America does.

Is America really a woman's country, as my English friends settled there were inclined to claim? Certainly WOMAN is carefully studied by the advertising agencies, and everything is directed *at* her (even the men's clothes it would appear, as American wives often buy these for their husbands). Certainly women top executives make their offices as attractive as the smartest homes, with lavish sitting-room, exotic bathroom, etc., complete, whilst, as a considerable wage-earner and possessor of a great deal of America's fabulous wealth, a steady stream of pretty nonsense to wear, to eat, to look at, and to play with, is perpetually being conjured up for her by enterprising firms.

Yet I couldn't help feeling that the one real necessity for a woman, *the leisure to feel like a woman*, seemed conspicuously absent. All the American women I met, of whatever age, were caught up in a mad swirl of activity, especially those not doing a regular daily job and who were therefore inescapably condemned to an endless merry-go-round of exhausting amusement. Feminine poise is what American women declare they wish to achieve. But not one thinks of just standing still for a moment and giving it a chance to come.

Interestingly enough in this context, the most feminine person I met in America (the most gentle, relaxed and understanding) was a very old lady from Louisiana—living in an unfashionable brown-stone house in what has now become a slum Porto Rica district of New York. Now no one gets old in New York, at least no woman gets old. It just isn't done. You must go on being seventeen or so until you die. Consequently this old, really old lady, who dressed like an old lady in black with a little black shawl, with a white frill near her face, snow-white hair, dark stockings and no make-up, was stared at in the New York streets in wonderment and reverence, as though she were a Madonna.

But it was the Americans themselves who told me, with that disarming enjoyment of an impossible situation that can make them such fun—things like this :

A most distinguished poet, over seventy, invited me to his beehive of an office in New York on the fifty-fourth floor—and when I suggested he might prefer to be cultivating his garden, he agreed and explained that in his New Jersey home he grew the finest irises in North America, but that he and his fifth wife were obliged to take on gruelling daily jobs in stifling New York in order to be able to pay the alimony on his previous four wives.

And then there is the history of two very dear and highly cultured American friends of mine—she a distinguished dancer and he an admirable historian. Falling on bad times the wife had the happy idea of taking up a job as nannie. A highly uncultured millionaire was clamouring for one (they always are in America), and so my friends took up service de luxe with a sumptuous flat laid on, "all found," and really nothing to do but show a little affection to two expensively neglected but otherwise agreeable children. Meanwhile the husband settled down in the sumptuous flat and peacefully wrote his masterpiece.

I throw out the idea to discontented English intellectuals looking for somewhere (paid) to do something.

END

The Reason Why (*Continued from page 25*)

is starved of light and air.

The solution: Never forget that wood is a living material, and will react like any other creature kept away from light and air.

Complaint: Cracks in a plastic-topped kitchen table.

The reason why: You could have confused "heat proof" and "unbreakable." Laminated plastic table tops come under the first heading.

The solution: Never use these table tops as chopping boards, or they will certainly crack.

Complaint: The coffee table is badly warped after a few months' use.

The reason why: Occasional tables are often brought close in front of the fire—too close to the heat. Wood is not guaranteed against roasting.

Complaint: The new net curtains shrank in their first laundering, and now do not fit the windows properly.

The reason why: Net curtains *will* shrink, and for this reason the stores advise customers to allow for an extra five per cent of material when buying.

The solution: Allow the little extra, and lightly tack the lower hem when making the curtains. The hem can be properly sewn after the first washing, when shrinkage has taken place.

Complaint: Plastic curtains have split just below the rings at the top.

The reason why: Someone was lazy again. Plastic curtains are very strong, but were never meant to play tug-of-war. Sometimes the curtain runners stick, especially in steamy atmospheres, and brute force is applied to the curtain to make them move.

The solution: See that the curtain runners are the type that run easily and will not rust.

END

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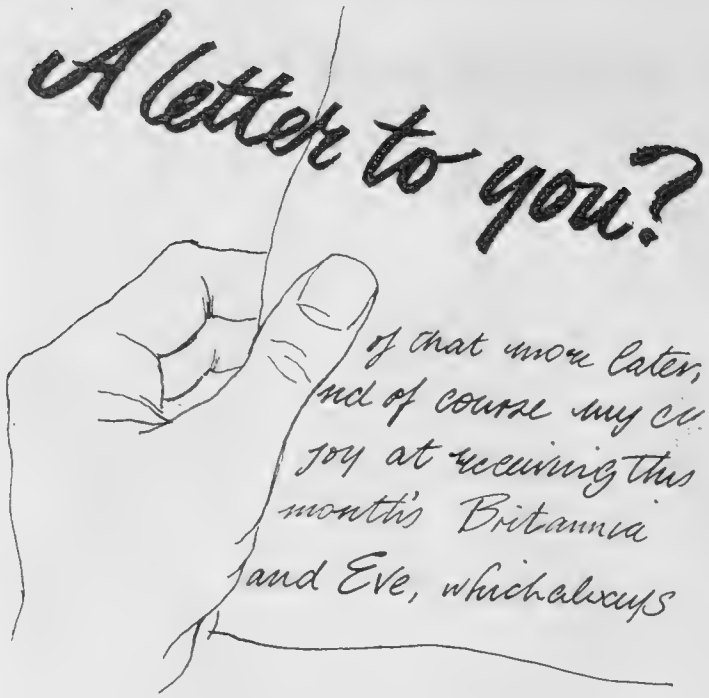

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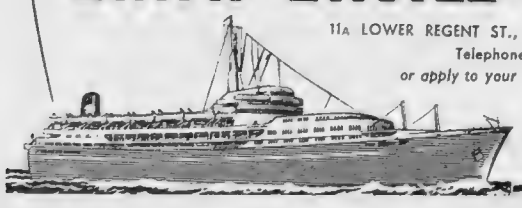

Books (*Continued from page 35*)

But there's plenty in Caresse Crosby and the cosmopolite bohemian life in the Paris of the reckless twenties which she discloses in **"The Passionate Years"** (Alvin Redman, 21s.). I would say of it what Caro Lamb said of Byron : "Mad, bad, and dangerous to know," for it ran the gamut of wild poetry and art, wilder parties, rash decadence and opium den. No wonder her second husband, Harry Crosby, decided at last to quit it by his own hand—a tragedy that shocked her into expiation, at least for a time. A crazy *beau monde*, both well and trivially portrayed; but breathtaking to read about.

After which it is like an invigorating walk on a cliff-top to read of the achievements of Group Captain Leonard Cheshire, V.C., triple D.S.O., D.F.C., in Andrew Boyle's **"No Passing Glory"** (Collins, 16s.). Not only his exciting Bomber Command exploits and last wartime mission as observer of the Nagasaki atom bomb holocaust, but his religious conversion, his settlement work for ex-Servicemen and dedication to the relief of suffering.

Another bracing story is Ben Carlin's of an Atlantic crossing in an amphibious jeep with his wife, from Nova Scotia to the Sahara coast, and on to London mostly overland : **"Half-Safe"** (Deutsch, 16s.). Chronic tiredness that produced visual delusions, a fear that the superstructure might cave in during a hurricane and compel them to bale out, marked an adventure recorded with zest.

The Sunday Skybrows, I notice, are cocking snooks at Howard Spring, presumably because he can tell a good, solid story about recognizable people and keep it up for five hundred pages. I don't think he need worry. "You are old, Father William, the young man said . . ." is always the approach to the traditional novelist after a time. Fifty years of the life of Chad Boothroyd—his literary triumphs, loves and setbacks in a world we know—will not be a day too much for devoted readers who have the leisure to live with **"These Lovers Fled Away"** (Collins, 15s.) for a month.

Marguerite Steen has a *Turn Of The Screw* probe into ancestral witchcraft and family insanity in **"The Unquiet Spirit"** (Collins, 10s. 6d.). The drama focuses on a father's possessive obsession in a young son, an icily precocious little horror with hereditary hauntings.

"It is surely appropriate," says Barbara Pym, "that anthropologists, who spend their time studying life and behaviour in various societies, should be studied in their turn." And studied they are, with a merciless humour, in **"Less Than Angels"** (Cape, 13s. 6d.). Forthwith we meet a pair "like comics in a music-hall turn." One, the Professor, is tall, thin, with a rather shrunken-looking head, and "it was a strange coincidence that the particular tribe he had studied went in for head-shrinking and his students had not been slow to point it out." Another, with his wife, set out to get material about the married life of a primitive people, "giving in exchange generous information about their own, which filled the natives with delight and astonishment."

Peter Forster's first—**"The Primrose Path"** (Longmans, 12s. 6d.) —has a masterly description of the break-up of a love affair which augurs well for his future. This, another hopeless love for an actress, endless drinking and hob-nobbing with young town sophisticates speed his "hero" down the path from bowler-hat City rectitude to Red intrigue, treason and eclipse. *En route* we get scintillating glimpses of a social set who live mainly for pubbing, sexing and wisecracking ; there is so much soaking, in fact, that this saga should be highly popular in the liquor trade. Mr. Forster seems to have enjoyed his Knightsbridge fling.

Robin Maugham's chief character in **"Behind The Mirror"** (Longmans, 10s. 6d.) is a scriptwriter working on a film about a famous actress of the 1920s. He goes out to Tanganyika to get sanction to tackle it from an exiled ex-diplomat believed to have been her lover, and uncovers the real story, which concerned an emotional relationship with her young son, involving his resignation.

Jane Oliver is a serious historical novelist scrupulous about her documentary sources. A Border Scot herself, she has a congenially native theme in James IV of Scotland and his love for Margaret Drummond. **"Sunset At Noon"** (Collins, 12s. 6d.) explores many conjectural riddles as well as being a first-rate romance.

Don Tracy's **"Tudor Renegade"** (Constable, 13s. 6d.), about a dashing Elizabethan adventurer, is unashamedly "tuppence coloured," with Raleigh, Drake and others playing *obbligato* to exploits and intrigues, a foxy heroine who is "Athena, Diana, Venus" against claret-hued bed rapes. A lusty yarn.

Most thrillers are presumably for men, but Ursula Curtiss's **"The Deadly Climate"** (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 10s. 6d.) has dominant woman-interest, for it is a tense murder and blackmail mystery involving nurses in a nursing home.

RECOMMENDED FICTION

"The Wine Of Youth," by Robert Wilder (W. H. Allen, 15s.). **"The Cruel Month,"** by Diana Petre (Collins, 10s. 6d.). **"The Wreck Of The Golden Mary,"** by Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins (Arthur Barker, 9s. 6d.). **"Hickory Dickory Dock,"** by Agatha Christie (Collins, 10s. 6d.). **"Aspects Of Love,"** by David Garnett (Chatto & Windus, 8s. 6d.). **"You've Got It Coming,"** by James Hadley Chase (Robert Hale, 10s. 6d.). **"Christmas With The Savages,"** by Mary Clive (Macmillan, 10s. 6d.).

RECOMMENDED NON-FICTION

"Yachting," by Peter Heaton (Batsford, 25s.). **"First Nights And Footlights,"** by Beverley Baxter, M.P. (Hutchinson, 21s.). **"St. Paul's In Its Glory,"** by G. L. Prestige (S.P.C.K., 21s.). **"The Deprived Child And The Community,"** by Donald Ford (Constable, 20s.). **"Hockey For Men And Women,"** by Norman Borrett, Denys Carnill, John Evans, Peggy Lodge, John Preston, etc. (Seeley, Service & Co., Ltd., 21s.).

END

No Home Of Your Own (*Continued from page 17*)

Make up your mind that the private life of the young is a closed book to you. "Little sisters" may be permitted an inkling, but *never* their parents. Had it not been for the current teenager dropping hints (gleaned by heavens knows what dubious methods of eavesdropping, rifling through drawers, and peeking at letters) we should have been totally at sea while staying at Torquay, where we had gone to recuperate, as to the purpose of a strange young man who rang up. "Might he bring his mother to meet us?"

A corner of the fog lifted when, at dinner, the charming mother, obviously more *au fait* with the situation than we, made cryptic reference to her fond desire for grandchildren. Later, light burst with startling clarity when, on departure, the young man asked: "May I have a word with you tomorrow, sir?"

"He's just been talking to me, hasn't he?" grumbled my husband. "What does he want to see me again for?" Succinctly, I explained what this old world courtesy might denote. My husband, appalled at the ordeal ahead, refused point blank at first.

RELENTLESSLY I saw him off to the interview, wriggling with embarrassment. His return, which I awaited in a fever of curiosity, was a sad anticlimax. Neither party, it appeared, had found courage to broach the subject in hand. But the young man was a trier. Ultimately pinning my reluctant husband in a corner he brought him to the point —and we gained a charming son-in-law.

So proficient has my husband now become that, "May I have a word with you, sir?" causes him to prick his ears like a war horse.

But sources of information about the rest of the girls break down completely while Teenager is away at school. Consequently a breezy letter one day from a daughter next in line to emerge from childhood caught us unprepared:

She would like to bring home for the weekend, said the letter, a "smashing" boy whom she knew we would love. He had no money and no job, and... could they get married next month? After applying cooling packs to my head until the danger of a stroke seemed less imminent, I composed a careful reply. But I needn't have bothered, for long before "next month" this suitor was on the way out, and a new one had appeared.

The trouble with this daughter was her kind heart. To my expostulations about these constant engagements, she would reply: "But he seemed so upset when I said, 'no.'" That he was still more upset when it was broken off, not to speak of the trouble incurred by both sets of parents, seemed not to occur to her.

At eighteen she confronted us with a "wizard" New Zealander, with whom she proposed to marry and return to a farm forty miles from the next homestead; sixty miles (only passable in dry weather) from the nearest town. During the first meal to which we asked him, the young man regaled us with chatty anecdotes about his mother—clearly a remarkable woman, who thought little of cooking, cleaning, and washing for her son, her husband and eight hired men, besides giving a hand with the shearing. Callers arriving unexpectedly and finding her (due to floods) short of provisions caused her no dismay, it seems. With no further ado she butchered and skinned a sheep for tea, later making up the skin into slippers for the men.

Overawed, I pondered upon my daughter's domestic qualifications. She could, at a pinch, rinse out nylons, but her cooking was a little on the sketchy side; some revolting little oddments made from sugar and damp cocoa, being her sole accomplishment. These I felt might prove an inadequate diet for a family accustomed to sheep for tea. My husband, from behind his newspaper, dryly suggested an apprenticeship in a slaughterhouse.

Amid tears of grief and heartbreak, we prevailed on the young lovers to wait a year, and the New Zealander sailed. Those who maintain that "absence makes the heart grow fonder," haven't met my daughters. In roughly ten days a new swain appeared. In roughly a fortnight they were engaged.

Commonwealth postal customs are tricky. I should know. The ring was returned to New Zealand by me.

No home of your own, no car, no bathroom, no peace. Anyone who says "aren't you lucky to have girls to help" has no daughters of her own, or at least not girls in popular demand. How can newly varnished nails wash up, or exquisitely tended fingers dust?

Of course, grown-up daughters would, and are, anxious to help, but at curious times. "Please leave it for us to do, Mummy, when we get in." But however far I am from being one of the "I always wash windows on Wednesday," housekeepers, I find there is a limit to the time that certain jobs can be left undone. At the back of one's mind, too, one is conscious of the fleetness of youth and how soon my daughters in turn will be spoiling my granddaughters.

Of course, girls do start establishments of their own but don't think that this lets you out completely.

Now that one of our daughters is married and the glamour girls of the moment have taken jobs in London, they return for occasional weekends (or as often as Daddy will stump up the fare) accompanied by the young men of the moment. These seem to be chosen on a kind of rota system. This I know because having become attached to one young man in particular, I asked when we should next have the pleasure of seeing him. The sad reply was: "It won't be my turn again for ages."

The arrival of the girls from London as usual, causes the maximum of inconvenience due to hectic last-minute changes of plan.

On the occasion of a recent arrival I am due to lecture to a women's club and, having taken the precaution of using the bathroom while it is free, have changed early. My appearance in a long evening dress with a tea towel round my middle is, therefore, unusual.

Rushing out with my husband to welcome the girls, I smugly congratulate myself on having done my face (wish later I had also remembered my hair) but evidently do not appear as calm as I would wish, as the girls inquire: "Why am I so distracted?" "Am I not well?" (Unheard of catastrophe for a mother.)

I explain I am perfectly well, but worried about my speech, which I have not had time to prepare and now only an hour distant... I cannot stop my finger (cut making their sandwiches) from bleeding.

The young people make suggestions (mostly ribald) for my lecture, all totally unsuitable for the ears of nice women, and I get more and more agitated. Finally they wave me off, the strange young men first scouring the house for my pencil, and then a small box on which to stand my notes; the more intelligent of the two reminding me, when this cannot be found, that I have no notes to prop up.

The next morning, at an early hour, I am joined in the kitchen by the twins, who regale me with an account of the happenings in my absence. "... the sisters stayed in the bath for *hours* and only left Tom and George a cupful of hot water." "They took Daddy's car to the dance, dented the mudguard on the gate, and left the front door open all night...."

With the disclosure that my headache is very, very bad, they depart to pay a social visit on the guests who, seeing clearly there is no means of escape, are driven to say: "Run along now, I am going to get up," to which the twins retort: "We'll stay and watch you!"

Leaving breakfast cooked on the heater, I go out to visit my pigs to whom I am devoted. Nothing, I find, has such a calming effect, or gives me such a sense of accomplishment, as watching them placidly imbibing their nourishment. I could watch them for hours, and frequently do.

Here, I am shortly joined by the guests, early risers by force, not choice. They politely deny that breakfast was on the chilly side, but—what with the twins asking pointed questions as to their matrimonial intentions, and my husband's (fully merited) censure on the damaged mudguard, they have poor appetites and share my headache.

In companionable silence, we stare at the pigs.

At eleven o'clock, there is still no sign of the glamour girls—reported by the twins to be hiding from Daddy. Shortly afterwards we are discovered by a press photographer. He, being an old friend, knew full well where to find me. After last night's revelry, I couldn't feel less photogenic, and suggest that Ermintrude (my pig) is in better looks, and a more suitable subject. The photographer is unamused.

Then why not the glamour girls? I plead. But he is adamant. The professional women's gazette requires my likeness and mine alone. Weakly I submit.

The girls now appear, dressed and shod as for Mayfair, and accuse the wretched young men of keeping them waiting. The Point-to-Point, which is next on the programme, proves cold and wet and muddy. Several nasty falls take place, to the huge delight of the bloodthirsty twins. Having skins as thick as crocodiles, they are blind to the fact that hanging themselves around the necks of their elder sister's young men is a mistake.

We return home to a belated and welcome tea, marred by the arrival of the post with the twins' school report. This causes pleasure solely to last night's four dancers, since it has the excellent effect (they consider) of diverting my husband's attention from "mudguards" to "halfwits."

Sunday breakfast is followed by church, and a welcome respite from the company and conversation of the twins who sit in the choir. This honour they enjoy immensely, and sing with verve and enthusiasm, though off key.

The exotic appearance of the glamour girls, who have spared no pains to give the congregation an eye-full, causes a considerable stir.

The excellent opinion I have of the literary young man is gravely imperilled over lunch, by one daughter tactlessly mentioning that he has described a press photograph of me as "somewhat jazzed up." Peace, luckily, is restored in time for us to speed them on the way back to what they consider grinding toil and oppression. The house seems positively tomb-like on their departure.

SUDDEN as the change is from flapperhood to being grown up, the change from country girl to town nymph is even more startling. Within three weeks, shoulder length curls vanish, and excessive make-up is reduced to a mere "improvement on nature." Four-inch heels; a pencil skirt, red umbrella, and a wisp of black and gold veiling complete a bewitching figure that at first glance I find difficult to recognize.

Her followers are so numerous and varied that Teenager herself, loses track; but I feel in my bones that something is cooking with the quieter one. A sudden onset of reliability, punctuality and helpfulness, would arouse suspicion in an even less credulous breast—and surely So and So visits more than his turn.

My husband, when this is pointed out, declares "he couldn't tell one chap from t'other, and when did I think all the girls would be married?" This inquiry I helpfully parry with the age (seven) of "youngest" and, with a grunt that might mean anything he retires behind his paper.

Teenager, quickly catching my meaning when corralled later, confirms my suspicions with a wealth of detail garnered by heavens-knows-what means (the illegality of which I prefer to ignore for the moment). "Don't say anything now," she advises, "as they're getting engaged at Christmas."

"But darling, if...? Why Christmas...?" The ways of the young are beyond me, but—sure enough—on Christmas Eve: "May I have a word with you, sir," and another charming son-in-law joins the family circle.

END

The Trouble With Simpkins (*Continued from page 34*)

brown hair which was greying at the temples. She'd read about men like that, of course, and it was quite true. Jay did look rather distinguished. Behind the spectacles, her blue eyes grew soft but he looked up.

"Well, what has the great mind decided?" she asked carelessly.

"Get Mike in here."

She went to the door and he added, "And stay around.

"As if I wouldn't!"

Mike was tall with a superb figure. He was Irish but the O'Neil had given place to Delgado as more in keeping with his black hair and powerful voice.

"What's all this about you and Katrina, Mike?"

"Katrina?" He seemed to find the name familiar. "Oh yes, Katrina! Well, she hogs every scene we're in, Jay, and just recently she's become so unbearable that, well, I can't go on working with her."

Jay offered cigarettes from a gold case. Mike produced a lighter obediently and inhaled deeply.

"She keeps edging in front of me covering me from the audience and when we kiss in the finale—" he shook his head hopelessly—"you should see her! Practically muffles me up in that fur wrap she wears. Honestly, Jay, I can't stand any more. My work is suffering."

He was wearing a white sweater and his face was very tanned. Simpkins said, "Don't worry, Mike, we'll straighten it all out for you."

He looked at her gratefully and Jay ground out his cigarette in a minute ash-tray. It was a full minute before he spoke. "Mike, I'll tell you the truth. I can't understand it, not one bit."

"Perhaps you can't, but I happen to know what I'm talking about. I tell you, Jay, this is serious. I'm not a fool!"

"Of course not, boy, of course not!" Simpkins stared at him suspiciously. "But I can't understand it, not after what she said."

Mike wrinkled his nose. "After what she said?"

Simpkins rapped. "I didn't hear her say anything!"

"You weren't there." He leaned towards Mike. "This is in the strictest confidence, boy, but only a few days ago, Katrina told me how she felt about you."

"I *know* how she feels about me."

JAY beamed. "Ah, but you don't. That's the whole point, boy. She stood in this office, looking simply beautiful. Her expression was—er—modest." Simpkins knew he was warming to his subject now and coughed warningly but he gave no sign of having heard.

"And do you know what she said, Mike?" Dramatically, he lowered his voice. "She confessed that she was in love with you, violently, head over heels in love with you, so much so that she couldn't be near you without wanting to throw herself into your arms."

Mike said nothing and Jay continued confidently, "And you know how a woman gets when she feels like that about a man, especially when that man doesn't give her any tumble at all." Simpkins winced and found Mike regarding her.

"I—I suppose so. It's—rather stunned me. I mean, well, never so much as a—kind word. Women are queer, very queer."

Mike was now massaging the back of his neck. "I—I suppose I'd—better go back on stage, Jay. I don't—know. You're—you're certain that's what she said?"

"As certain as I'm sitting here," lied Jay with horrid equanimity. "Simpkins, see Mike out, will you?"

There was a heavy silence after Mike had stumbled out. Jay busied himself with something in a drawer. Simpkins waited.

"Psychology, that's the ticket," he said at length. "Just you wait and see the results."

"Jay, I've known you for ten years and I haven't seen you meddle in any private lives before. I'm—a little shocked."

"Ridiculous! It's all for the good of the show."

"That's just it!" she said slowly. "For the good of the show. You don't care what you do to actual lives as long as it's for the good of the show."

He rose and stood over her. "And what is wrong with that?"

"Nothing, I suppose, except that just once, I'd like to see you do something that wasn't for the good of the show." She mimicked the last words.

"You'd better get Katrina in. Might as well do the job properly."

KATRINA possessed a lovely, silvery voice and a lovely figure. Blonde and beautiful was how Simpkins thought of her. She was wearing a brilliant smile.

"Good morning, Jay, a wonderful morning."

He hadn't noticed. "Gorgeous! Now, let's get down to business, Katrina. Sit down. Simpkins, let Katrina have your chair."

Katrina deposited herself nicely and crossed her legs which fully merited the attention paid to them. Jay sat back and took a deep breath, "It's like this, Katrina. I think things between you and Mike have gone far enough! It's about time I told you what ails the boy."

"What ails him?" A tinkling laugh. "Only one thing ails him, Jay. Conceit."

Jay seemed rather stunned but rallied at once.

"You're wrong, my dear, quite wrong."

Katrina laughed again. "Oh no, I'm not. Ask anyone, ask Johnny. He'll tell you. That Mike thinks he knows it all. No one can advise him."

"Katrina darling, believe me, won't you? Mike acts as he does towards you for only one reason! The fellow's in love with you, darling, madly in love. . . ."

Simpkins shuffled her feet and received a glare. Katrina was leaning forward. "I—don't—believe—it!" she said, making Simpkins stare at her.

Jay waved his hands in the air. "Believe it or not, it's the truth, darling. He told me himself in this very room, sitting on that very chair."

Simpkins said, "Jay, please. . . ."

But Katrina was whispering, "Then why? Why doesn't he do something about it? Why isn't he ever nice to me? Why, Jay, why?"

"Darling, it's easy. You have at least a dozen admirers. You seemed to dislike him, heartily, if I may say so. He's young and he's Irish, remember. A man has his pride. He thinks he doesn't stand a chance with you."

Katrina looked at Simpkins who was biting her lips. "Jay's not—not kidding me, is he?"

He jumped into the breach like a tank in action. "Certainly not! As if I'd do such a thing. You can take my word for it, darling, that Mike Delgado is in love with you, so try to be nice to him."

"Oh, I will, I will! And thank you, both of you!"

She rushed out, leaving a trail of fragrance behind her.

Simpkins felt depressed. "I hope you've done right, Jay. I feel somehow. . . ."

"Rubbish! Antagonism comes over the footlights, as you very well know. I can't have that in one of my shows!"

"No, of course not!"

Johnny knocked and entered still knocking. "Good heavens, Jay, what miracle have you worked now? Those two are actually talking to each other!"

Jay reached for a cigarette. "Psychology, my boy! As a matter of fact, I said they were in love."

"With whom?"

"With each other, of course!" Jay said complacently, "Who else?"

Johnny stared, goggled, then slapped his knee with enthusiasm.

"Terrific! What a brain, what a man!"

Jay allowed his chest to expand a fraction and Simpkins reached for her bag. "Don't add to his already inflated ego, Johnny. Didn't you know that love begets love? Or is that too complicated for you?" Rising, she jammed her hat anyhow on her head, stuck a pin through it, grimaced with pain and went to the door. "Me, I'm going for lunch!"

Normally calm, she was amazed at her feelings. Anger, resentment, hurt; they were all churning inside her. She tried to reason with herself. "Silly to feel like this, old girl," she chided silently.

At her usual restaurant, she ordered a glass of milk and a sandwich because, suddenly, she did not feel like eating. Afterwards, instead of doing some necessary shopping, she went straight to the theatre.

Johnny met her in the passage. "Message for you, darling, Jay's gone north. He might be back on Saturday or it might be Monday, depending. . . ."

"Depending on what?" Simpkins asked, not knowing whether to be glad or sorry at the news.

"I don't know. That's what he said. Oh, by the way, the Mike-Katrina feud has ended, but definitely ended! I happen to know that they lunched together in a very, very cosy nook."

Except for the usual snags, nothing much happened until the Saturday evening. Simpkins had heard nothing from Jay. Usually, when he went away like this, he phoned every night. At first, she'd been glad, then annoyed and finally, worried.

She was drumming her fingers on the desk, wondering if she ought to try and contact him somehow when Mike knocked and entered.

"Jay not in?" he queried, looking around vaguely. Simpkins was stung. "Not unless he's hiding somewhere!"

He smiled down at her. Handsome during the day, Mike in full make-up was startlingly so. Simpkins smiled back and patted her hair.

"I—I've got some news for you," he said, "for you and Jay, of course. It's—about Katrina."

Simpkins felt irritable again. "Well, what about Katrina?"

"We're engaged." The tone was slightly hurt.

"Why, Mike, that's wonderful, the best news I've heard in years!" There was no mistaking the sincerity of her joy. "I'm so glad, so very, very glad. Gosh, I don't know whether to laugh or cry, silly, isn't it?"

Mike perched himself on the edge of the desk. "I knew you'd feel like that, Simpkins. Thank Jay for me, will you? But for him, I might never have known her properly."

"I certainly will, Mike. Tell Katrina how glad I am, won't you? Oh, and congratulations!"

Left alone, with only the muted sounds of the show for company, Simpkins felt excited. A romance, a young romance, was something to be excited about. But more than that, she was ridiculously happy because Jay hadn't been wrong after all. Then the excitement left her. It didn't always work, not at all. Jay could still be wrong.

HOW well she knew him! In ten years, she had watched a procession of beauties come and go in his life. Simpkins had waited; waited and hoped. And, according to her calculations, he had reached the age to settle down. But even that did not get her anywhere.

She was still considering when the internal phone buzzed. It was the manager at the front of the theatre.

"That you, Simpkins? Jay's just been on. Says he'll be back Monday evening."

"Yes, I know. Thanks!" Pride created the lie. She tried to argue with herself. Perhaps he had something important to say to the manager, some message to convey. There was nothing, really, to feel so hurt about. "But, darn it, I do feel hurt," she said, aloud, and decided to go home.

At noon on Monday, Johnny entered the office where Simpkins was engaged in the usual Monday task of going over the figures.

"I—I say, darling, sorry and all that, but I've been and gone and done it, if you get the idea!"

"What's happened now?"

"Sorry, Simpkins, but—oh, I don't know how it slipped out. I thought it was a huge joke, I guess."

"You thought what was a huge joke?" She said it menacingly.

"Well, everyone was congratulating Mike and Katrina and just for the fun of it, I mentioned—about Jay's psychology and said how well it had worked and—and all that."

Simpkins took a long sip of water. "Still, Johnny, if you hadn't told them they would have found out some other time, some other place. Don't be too upset about it. How did they take it?"

Johnny looked down at his beautiful shoes.

"That's just it! Mike has walked out of the show and Katrina's crying her eyes out in her dressing-room. I didn't think they would act like that, darling, honestly I didn't."

"What did Mike say exactly?"

"Nothing much. Just that he wasn't going to have anyone, boss or not, make a damned fool of him."

"And then he walked out?"

"Yes."

"You'd better arrange to have his understudy standing by, just in case."

"I've already done that," Johnny said morosely.

"Jay will be back tonight," she said. "I wonder what he'll think of this mess now?"

WHEN she got back at six o'clock, Jay was shouting. "It's on his contract, there, in black and white. If he does this to me, I'll sue him."

Johnny shrugged his shoulders. "Well, that's your pigeon, not mine, thank God! I've briefed young Ford. He'll do okay."

"He'll do okay!" mimicked Jay, nodding to Simpkins briefly. "And what, may I ask, will those people out there think of that?" He waved his hands in the general direction of the auditorium.

"They pay to see Mike Delgado and Katrina Towers, not a tear-stained wench and an unknown boy from the back of beyond."

"He's a Londoner," Johnny pointed out, not very tactfully.

"I don't care if he's a Chinaman. He's not Mike Delgado." Jay's voice sank to a whisper. "And what will the atmosphere of my show be like now?" The last words were shouted and Johnny looked unhappily at Simpkins.

She jerked her head towards the door and Johnny took the hint gladly.

"May I remind you, Jay, that Katrina wouldn't be feeling like that if you hadn't decided to interfere?"

"Rubbish! We'd have had antagonism one way or the other. One way, Mike and Katrina; the other way, Katrina and the rest of the company. Who pays your money, etcetera. But I've got to have Mike! The lad's great!"

"I think he'll come—and on time."

"The trouble is that I haven't your faith in human nature. But I tell you this, Simpkins, let him not appear tonight and I'll sue him. I'll go to. . . ."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, go where you like." She stopped, aghast. She did not want to lose her temper.

Coldly, he asked, "And what have I done to warrant that?"

"Quite a lot over the last ten years."

He was glaring at the ceiling. "Women! Just like a woman. Must drag in something that occurred years and years ago."

Simpkins was really angry now. "You," she jeered, "you and your so-called psychology! You can't see anything that's directly under that nose of yours. Have you any idea, even the slightest idea, of how Mike is feeling right now? Or Katrina? Does it matter to you that you probably have ruined a love that was good, young and—and—and lovely?" Her voice cracked and running to the door, she slammed it behind her.

Johnny was talking to the stage manager. Simpkins stopped and pulled her expression into something akin to normal.

Katrina spoke behind them. "Mr. Delgado, has he come in yet, Alf?"

The stage manager shook his head. Simpkins laid a hand on Katrina's bare arm. "Please," she said softly, "I'm very very sorry. Believe me, won't you?"

"Oh, I do, I do. Don't let it bother you. I'm only worried because I'm sure I shan't be able to work with this new fellow."

Chorus girls went past, hauling at their black tights. Katrina said, "How would you feel having to work with a new tenor? Having to go on and wonder how this new man's going to turn, if he's going to come in at the right time, if he'll hang on to a top note or not—oh, I'm going mad, mad!"

She looked at Simpkins. "Oh well," she said, "that's it!" And Simpkins thought, why, the girl's suffering, actually suffering.

"Five minutes to go," shouted Alf because he always shouted it. Stage hands rushed about importantly.

Simpkins thought, this is the last time I'll stand on the side of any stage. Someone stumbled against her.

"Simpkins, sorry, but. . . ."

She yelled. "He's here. Mike's arrived."

He was leaning against the wall. The doorkeeper was supporting him. Mike said, "I'll be on, I'll be on. Where's Johnny?"

Johnny was grinning. "Right at your side. Come on, I'll help you into your props. Someone get some brandy or something."

"But what happened, Mike? Are you hurt?"

"Slight accident. Got out of my car and a fellow whizzing by knocked me down. My fault. Wasn't thinking:" He shook his head to clear it.

"Mike, Mike my darling, what happened to you?" Katrina was staring into his face. "Please, somebody, what happened to him?"

No one answered.

Mike said, "I'll be all right, darling. Johnny. . . ."

Johnny nodded and took Mike's arm. Katrina ran after them and they saw her catch Mike's hand.

Simpkins stood where she was, thinking. And Jay said, "Oh, there you are. Hear Mike's turned up."

"Yes, he was in an accident."

The Trouble With Simpkins

"I know. Heard it all. Feel like some fresh air. Come on, well, come on!"

She allowed herself to be propelled down the stairs to the stage door. Jay opened it for her and then they were in the street. She looked up, feeling the breeze on her face. The sky was black-velvet, star-spangled. Jay said, "You certainly let me have it, didn't you?"

"I'm sorry. I apologize."

"But you don't mean it, eh?"

She stopped and looked at him. "I'm not sure if I do, Jay. You and your love begets love! Haven't you any heart, any feeling at all?"

"About Mike and Katrina? Not much. Artists are my business, Simpkins, just as canned goods are someone else's business."

She darted a glance at him wondering if he was making fun of her, but he was staring at the pavement.

"Your name is Rosalinda, isn't it?" he said suddenly, apropos of nothing.

"Y-yes. Rosalinda Gladys. I'd nearly forgotten myself." She laughed.

"Well, Rosalinda Gladys, will you marry me?" Simpkins halted, tried to speak and couldn't. Again she tried but only a croak came out.

Jay said, "Seems sudden, I know, but I never thought you were that kind of woman until tonight. I—I must have loved you for a long time, Simpkins. Up north, I got to thinking about you. Couldn't make out how I really felt. Knew there was something, though."

She smiled at the "Simpkins."

Jay said, "Well, if you're going to refuse, for heaven's sake, get it over with!"

"I'm not going to refuse, Jay," she said.

END

Nitcha Finds A Use For It (*Continued from page* 43

taken out. Fiacre lamps may be fixed on either side of an entrance doorway or at the side of steps.

Pretty opaline balls from the pedestals of four-poster beds make charming curtain rod accessories.

Many-hooped circular charcoal braziers, rather like a wellhead in shape, look "very cute" holding flowers in the garden.

At present Nitcha has five hundred old-fashioned bicycle lamps. They are destined for ornamental use on walls or at entrance doorways.

Nitcha makes her finds in all kinds of places. She may find fiacre lamps in an antique shop or perhaps on a farm, where there are still a carriage and horses. Recently she bought some of these lamps from a Marquis in Paris, as well as a dozen lions' heads carved in wood and many other oddly assorted relics of a bygone age. In one house she found about a hundred old terracotta statues.

Nitcha also creates her own ideas—garden or terrace urns of a pineapple design, a pair of ornamental trees, zinc cactus, a fan-leafed palm-tree in a tub.

She draws the designs and has them carried out in metal. She usually favours zinc, a surprisingly light metal which is pliable and lends itself well to polish or paint. Nitcha recommends polishing the zinc with a light brown shoe polish to give it a glow.

How does she get her ideas for using all the "junk" she and her husband collect on their trips around France? She tries to think how she could use it in her own home.

And what is her own home like? "Crazy," she replies.

END

Young Man's Fancy (*Continued from page* 38)

Believing that a boy will take more care of a thing if he likes it, I borrowed a few between eleven and seventeen years of age, and went on a series of window-shopping expeditions with them.

They were contemporary in outlook without being at all self-conscious about it. They liked the unfussy lines of modern furniture.

They asked, to a man, for a table with a top which did not object to hot drinks, spilt ink or tricks involving burning matches. There should be an extra chair for a visitor, they said, and here I was interested to find how popular the traditional rocker is.

They required floor-covering to be hard wearing, in a deep colour, and not too ready to give away the culprit who had forgotten again to change his muddy shoes.

When we came to the fabric department, the boys were even more definite in their views. Woven curtains were preferred if they had what the interior decorators call "textural interest"—the boys described them as "shaggy." The most popular printed fabrics fell into two groups: the abstract or geometrical design, particularly successful when in strong reds or blues, and the pictoria design, where absolute realism in every detail was required. In every case it was strictly "No flowers by request."

Bedspreads did not make much appeal to the young shoppers, but we found one with bold stripes which everyone liked. Divans which offered storage space below, large enough to take football gear and other sports tackle, were favourites.

Finally we looked at wallpapers and found that views were unanimous as they had been about curtains. Tweed effects, linen-weaves, abstract prints and mechanical or geometrical designs were all well liked, although the younger boys favoured a space-ship wallpaper.

Details of the goods shown on pages 38 and 39 are: Bijou two-tier coffee table, desk lamp with wooden base, tubular frame and bakelite shade from William Perring of Kensington, London. Galleon kit from Hamley's, Regent Street, London. Kodak 'Bantam' Colorsnap camera. Ferranti battery portable radio, model 855. Grandfather rocking chair with foam rubber cushion from Furniture Industries. Chest of drawers with extended working top made by G. W. Evans Ltd. High stool, C9, by Conran Furniture. "Q-Stak" chair from Hille of London Ltd. Divan-head covering and curtains are in Rosebank Cowboys and Indians fabric. Blonde Bamboo Reed Lincrusta on the walls.

END

Sauce (*Continued from page 51*)

milk and stir into the dry mixture. If this is too stiff, add a little more milk, and stir well, so as to have a soft, well-blended mixture. Put into a greased bowl, cover with greased paper, and steam for 2½ hours. If you prefer individual puddings they should be cooked for half the time—1¼ hours. To serve four people.

Either of these two puddings can be cooked with their own sauce if you put a few tablespoons of jam, marmalade or syrup into the bowl before putting in the pudding mixture. When turned out, the hot sauce will coat the pudding. But with the plain suet or sponge puddings do try some of the following sauces.

ORANGE SAUCE

Cream two tablespoons butter or margarine in a bowl over a pan of hot water. Add two yolks of eggs, one at a time, beating well. Place the pan on a low heat to keep the water simmering, then add three tablespoons sugar, four tablespoons cream, and stir till it thickens. Still stirring, gradually add one gill of orange juice.

APRICOT SAUCE

Soak ½ lb. dried apricots overnight, then rub fruit and liquid through a sieve, so that you have a purée. Make up to two cupfuls with water. Mix two tablespoons sugar with one flat tablespoon cornflour, make into a smooth paste with a little cold water. Add the apricot mixture, stirring, and cook slowly. Continue stirring until sauce is smooth and clear. This sauce is particularly good with sponge pudding.

LEMON SAUCE

1 tablespoon cornflour.
3 tablespoons sugar.
Rind and juice of one lemon
2 cups hot water.
2 tablespoons butter or margarine.

Mix the sugar and cornflour together, add the boiling water gradually, stirring. Cook slowly for eight minutes, then add the grated rind, the juice and the butter. This sauce can be used hot over puddings, or cold over jellies and blancmanges.

BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE

1 teaspoon cornflour.
1 gill cold water.
4 tablespoons butter.
1 cup demerara sugar.
½ tablespoon vinegar.

Mix the cornflour and water to a paste in a saucepan. Add the rest of the ingredients and cook fairly slowly until the sauce is clear and thick. Pour hot over the pudding and serve at once.

CHOCOLATE MARSHMALLOW SAUCE

½ lb. marshmallows.
¼ lb. plain chocolate.
½ cup hot milk.

Cut the marshmallows into small pieces, put into top pan of double cooker, add the chocolate, broken, and hot milk. Cook over moderate heat, stirring till smooth. Serve hot.

RUM CUSTARD SAUCE

2 eggs.
¾ pint milk.
1 oz. sugar.
Rum to taste.

Put milk and sugar in a double saucepan and heat till lukewarm. Beat the eggs well, and pour the warm milk on to them, stirring. Return the mixture to the pan, and cook slowly, stirring till the custard thickens. Take it off the heat, and gradually stir in enough rum to flavour the sauce.

JAM SAUCE

½ cup jam.
1 oz. sugar.
1 teaspoon cornflour.
½ pint water.
½ lemon.

Mix sugar, cornflour and lemon juice together. Boil the water and jam together and pour on to the cornflour mixture, stirring. Return to the pan and simmer for ten minutes.

And there you are. Ten puddings for the price of one, so to speak. I hope you enjoy all of them.

END

Elizabeth And Her Surrey Garden

(*Continued from page 49*)

a favourite colour, it looks most effective when judiciously mixed with less striking shades. These marigolds have to be sown in the greenhouse and should not be planted out until the danger of frost is past in May.

Another annual of which I am very fond is *Phacelia campanularia*, growing to 9 inches in height, with bright blue, bell-shaped flowers—almost as blue as gentians. Its life is not as long as lobelia, which is usually chosen when a blue edging is required, but it flowers in six to eight weeks from the time of sowing in the open; and though this plant is dearly loved by slugs and snails, this fact should not prove a deterrent nowadays with so many "slug deaths" on the market. Incidentally, this is the only annual flower which has received the Royal Horticultural Society's Award of Garden Merit.

Then *Saponaria Vaccaria*, a beautiful soft pink, and *S. alba*, white, are other hardy annuals which I do not often see in gardens. Growing to about 2 feet in height, they are very useful flowers for cutting.

If you are particularly fond of sweet-scented flowers, Mignonette, Sweet-scented Stock, and Nicotiana grown below the window of your sitting-room, where the scent can float in on a warm summer evening, give pleasure equal to that of the brilliant colours of most other annuals. The modern Nicotiana Daylight, and the mixture of colours sold under the name Sensation remain open all day and not just in the evening.

If you keep the dead flower and seek spikes picked off your Antirrhinums, they will go on flowering to the end of October. Some plants we had put in a border which we were continually passing on our way up and down the garden. Almost every day I picked off the dead flowers, and these plants continued to flower much longer than those in a more out of the way part of the garden. The rust resistant varieties obtainable nowadays no longer let you down by withering away in the height of their flowering season covered with spots of rust. The best of these is Pink Freedom.

As we are on the subject of seeds—if you have any of the dwarf hardy Cyclamen in your garden, watch what happens to the seed pod after the petals have fallen. The old flower stalk curls itself into a beautiful spiral round the fruit, lowers itself to the ground in the process, and buries the seeds in the ground where they germinate at the proper time.

This is the time of year when most of us try to grow Cyclamen in pots in the house. Much has been said and written on the subject, but here are a few of the main points to remember in looking after them. Keep them in an even temperature, not too warm, free from draughts, and not in direct light. Water them round the edge of the pot when the soil feels dry in the top inch. There is not much to be gained from feeding Cyclamen after they are in full bloom but during the earlier stages of growth I find that a tablet of fertilizer pressed into the soil is very effective. For all pot plants Plantoids make feeding an easy matter.

END

Sheath Dress And Matching Jacket

(*Continued from page 45*)

Machine knitting.—Mark the 43rd (45th, 47th) sts. in from side edge. Work this row. Work further 25 rows.

Hand knitting.—K. 4, cast off 4, k. 8, cast off 4, k. 14 (16, 18), mark next st. and knit, k. 15, mark next st. and knit, k. to end of row.

Machine knitting.—Skip 4, cast off 4, skip 8, cast off 4, mark the 35th (37th, 39th) and 51st (53rd, 55th) st. in from side edge. Work this row.

Next row.—P., casting on 4 sts. over those cast off in previous row. Work 18 rows.

83rd row. Hand knitting.—K. 4, cast off 4, k. 8, cast off 4, k. to end of row.

Machine knitting.—Skip 4, cast off 4, skip 8, cast off 4, work this row.

Next row.—P., casting on 4 sts. over those cast off in previous row. Work 6 more rows. Rep. 37th row. Work 11 more rows. Rep. 83rd and following row. Work 18 rows. Rep. 83rd and following row. Work 11 rows.

To Shape Armhole.—Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next and then dec. at this edge on every row 6 times. Work 2 rows. Rep. 83rd and following row. Work 18 rows. Rep. 83rd and following row. Work 4 rows.

To Shape Neck.—Cast off 26 sts., then dec. at this edge every alternate row until 26 (27, 28) sts. remain.

Shape Shoulder.—Cast off 9 (9, 9) sts. at beg. of next and following alternate row, then cast off remaining 8 (9, 10) sts. on next alternate row.

SLEEVES (both alike).

Hand knitting.—With No. 10 needles.

Machine knitting.—With machine set at main tension.

Cast on 52 (56, 60) sts. Work 15 rows, then inc. each end of next and every following 10th row until 80 (84, 88) sts. Work 2 (2, 6) more rows.

To Shape Top.—Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. each end of every alternate row until 16 (18, 18) sts. Cast off 6 (6, 6) at beg. of next 2 rows, then cast off remaining 4 (6, 6) sts.

CUFFS (2).

Hand knitting.—With No. 10 needles and solid shade.

Machine knitting.—With machine set at main tension and solid shade.

Cast on 54 (58, 62) sts. Work in st.-st. for 16 rows. Cast off.

POCKET BANDS (2).

Hand knitting.—With No. 10 needles and solid shade.

Machine knitting.—With machine set at main tension and solid shade.

Work on 21 sts. at top of pockets for 18 rows. Cast off. Sew up shoulder seams.

COLLAR

With No. 11 needles and solid shade pick up and k. 35 sts. up right side of neck, starting 20 sts. in, k. 36 (40, 44) from stitch-holder at back of neck, pick up and k. 39 down left side of neck to edge.

Continue as follows: **1st row.**—K. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. to last 4 sts., p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1.

2nd row.—K. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. to last 3 sts., k. 1, p. 1, k. 1. Rep. these 2 rows until collar measures 2½ ins.

1st row.—K. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. to last 6 sts., k. 2 tog. t.b.l., p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1.

2nd row.—K. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. to last 3 sts., k. 1, p. 1, k. 1. Rep. these 2 rows 3 times.

9th row.—K. 1, p. 1, to end of row.

10th row.—K. 2 tog., moss-st. to last 2, k. 2 tog. Rep. these last 2 rows twice. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts with a warm iron over a damp cloth. Fold back pocket tops and catch down, secure at sides. Sew pocket linings to coat. Turn back buttonhole band so that holes match, catch down and neaten buttonholes.

Fold work so that marked stitches meet and back stitch to form dart. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew cuffs to sleeves. Turn up hem at bottom of jacket and secure. Face button band with ribbon. Sew on buttons. Sew in tape at waistline.

END

1.1.56

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